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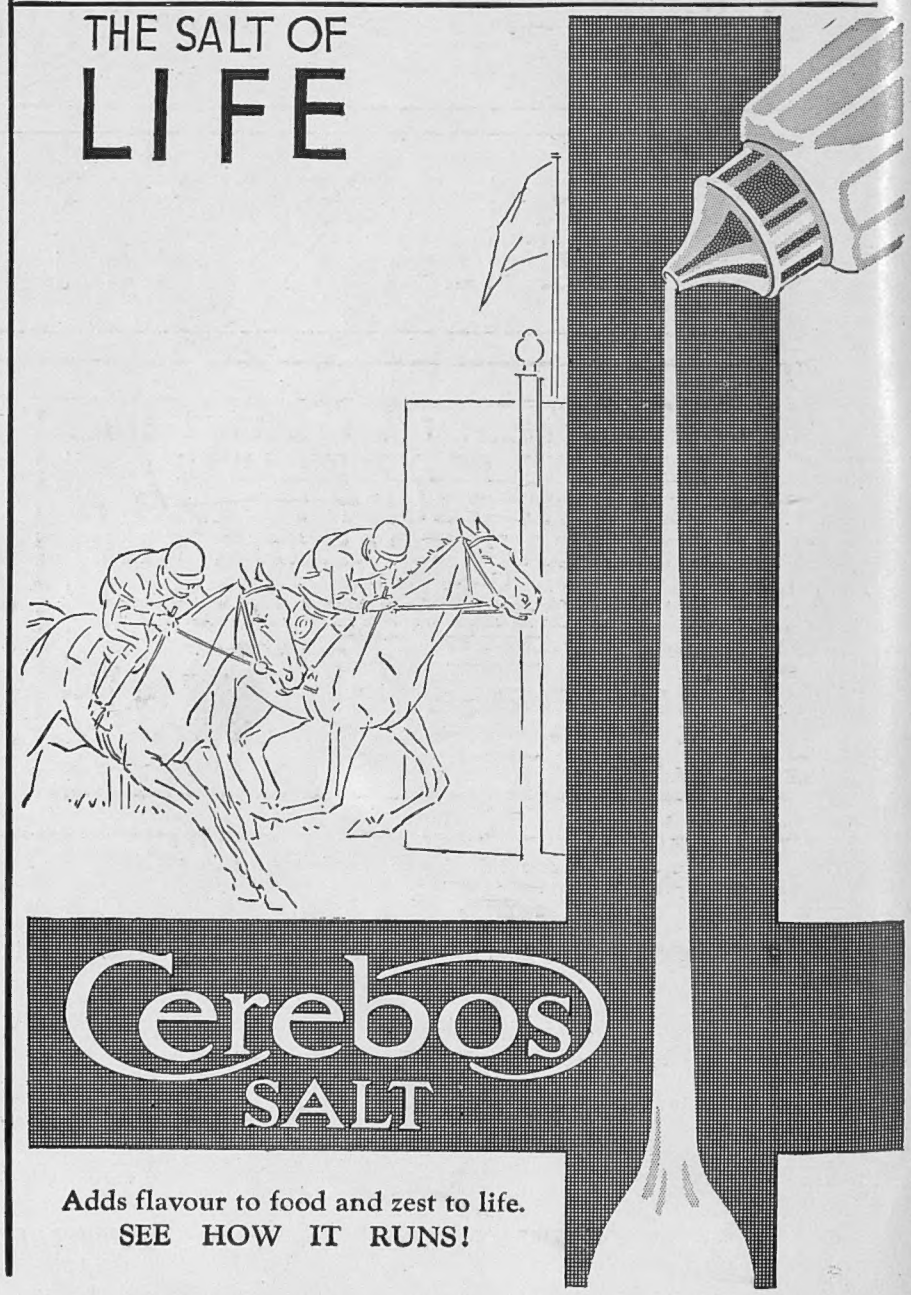

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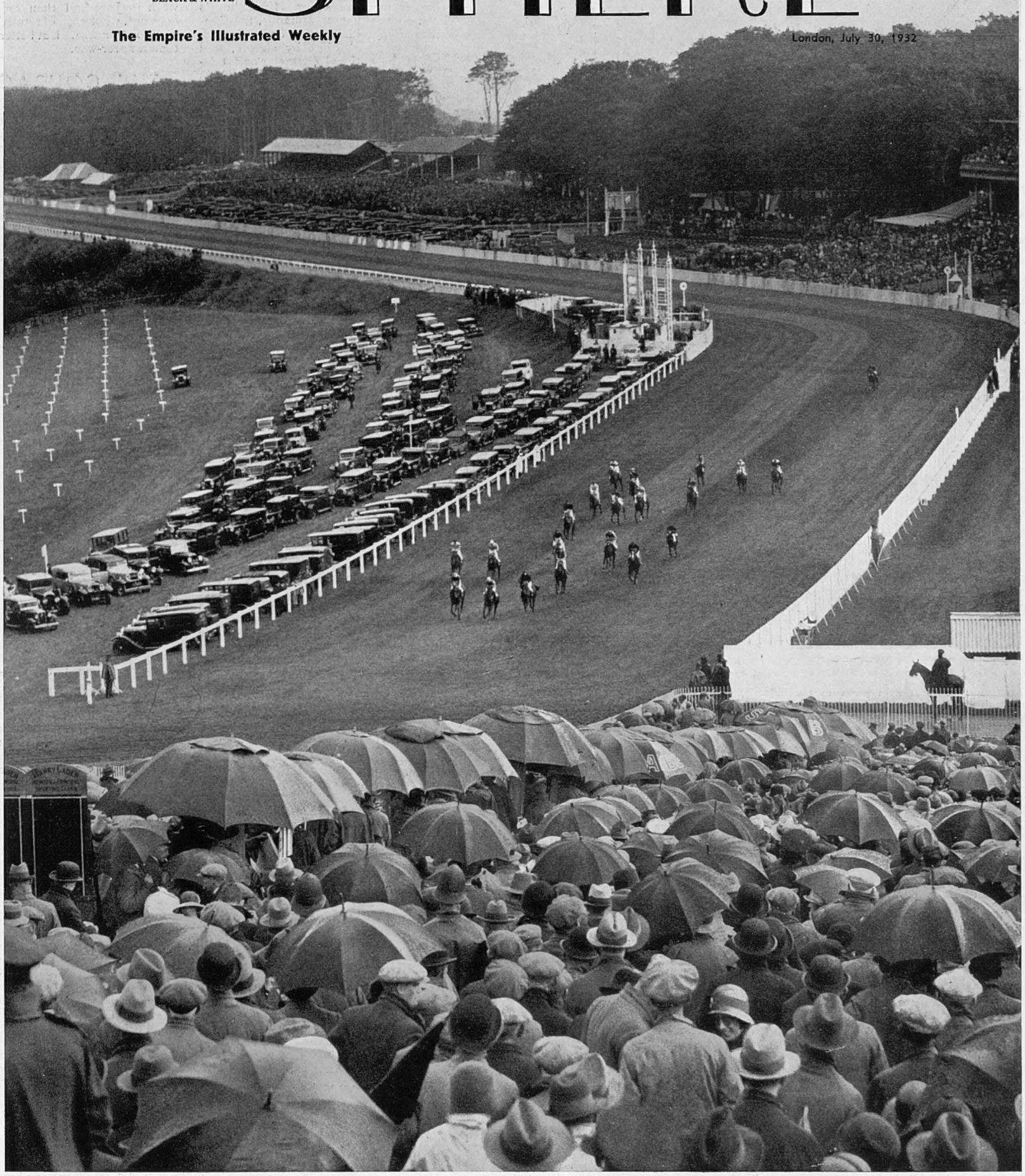

GOODWOOD—GLORIOUS AND INGLORIOUS

The First Day a "Washout" Save for the Bookmakers

The vagaries of the English climate were to be seen at their most variegated on the opening day of Goodwood. A brilliant morning was followed, as the zero hour approached, by torrential rain, thunder, and lightning. Mackintoshes, furs, and umbrellas formed the order of the day. Fortunately, however, the storm cleared with the same suddenness as that with which it had begun; wraps and overcoats were discarded and the lovely Sussex scene presented its usual brilliance of colouring, the grass seeming even greener than usual for its drenching. Outsiders were well to the fore, the Steward's Cup going to Solenoid (Mrs. C. L. Mackean) (T. Barber up) at 33 to 1

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A London New

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF JERSEY RECEIVE: After their honeymoon in Australia—Lady Jersey was Miss Patricia Richards of Sydney—the Earl and Countess of Jersey received at Osterley Park, the seat near Brentford, the gardens of which were thrown open last week. The proceeds were given to the funds of "Bart's." The Earl and Countess personally greeted every visitor

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, July 27, 1932.

BRASS-TACKS AT OTTAWA.—Five minutes after Lord Bessborough (whose tricks of speech were clearly recognizable across 3,000 miles of ocean) had opened the proceedings at Ottawa with the King's gracious message and his own dignified periods, Mr. Bennett had got down to brass-tacks and put the whole gist of the matter in a nutshell. His own concrete proposals put a period to fantastic hopes and established a calm and sane basis for negotiation. For a business negotiation (even wrangle) it is, an Imperial exchange of *quid pro quo*. Within one hour of the opening, every Empire delegate had got certain hard facts by heart. An isolated British Empire is a fantasy. Russian dumping must be checked but if we are to exist, foreign nations must still furnish 70 per cent. of our trade. No country was more clear on the point than South Africa. The Empire Conference is to lower the tariff barriers not of the Empire but of the world. And there can be no self-sacrifice for a political ideal. The sacrifices are to be in the nature of mutual accommodations for a commercial ideal of co-operation. Behind each delegate stands his own remorselessly critical government and behind those Governments stand the farmer (with his vote), the lumberman, the miner, the manufacturer. Canada will let in some more of our manufactures, but only on terms, and those terms are dictated by sound common sense and prudence. Her wheat producers and timber producers must first be assured of similar facilities to compete with and cut out, if they can, John Barleycorn of Lincolnshire and Angus Forest of Perth. Nor does she propose to extend her list of preferences for British-made articles beyond such as Canada vitally needs and cannot obtain as satisfactorily elsewhere. It is all common sense. We must scrap our absurd dreams of golden links and hammer in as many plain brass-tacks (and as firmly) as time allows. The goodwill is there; the ideals are there, a pleasant background; and common sense and fair give-and-take add stimulus to a face-the-facts conference. With so much good sense and good fellowship round the table there must be results, results which will stand the test and the hard knocks of time and realities.

THE AGE OF DEMOCRACY.—Democracy tucks up with strange bedfellows. Nearly twenty years after that world-war which was to make the democracies of civilization safe, wicked old Autocracy, wearing a domino and laughing in its sleeve, exercises a dictatorship more haughty and more absolute than Czars, Emperors, and Kaisers dreamed of. Autocracy wields once more the newly pickled rod, and Democracy kisses it. It works splendidly in Italy, for Mussolini is a superman, and all rôles suit him to perfection. But Time and Chance alone can determine whether Italy owes such progress and peace as she has attained to a man or to a political ideal, to Mussolini or to Fascism. When death comes for the arch-dictator (and he is reckless of life) the question will be solved. But Prussia is not Italy, Prussians are not of the Latin temperament, and the protagonists of the German drama are not on the Mussolini scale. Prussia, to-day, is under an absolute dictatorship as under von Seeckt in 1923. And the political situation there is the more obscure to the foreigner by the fact that the von Seeckt dictatorship was clearly established to stamp out the menace of Hitlerism, whereas the present dictatorship is as clearly the result of strong promptings by Hitler. Everything has been done constitutionally—there is precedent and chapter and verse for Hindenburg's acts. The situation demands, the Constitution provides. But one thing remains uncontrollable by statute, and that is the national character and temper. Among certain races dictatorships are *damnosæ hereditates*, and leave a bitter legacy. Such expedients are not for Britons, *a fortiori* they should be the very last card in Prussia. The temper of Germany is thus risen to fever heat on the eve of the Reichstag elections, and bombs, political and otherwise, are likely to explode in the most unexpected directions. The most striking feature of the whole situation are the piquant contrasts in the characters of the protagonists, Hindenburg, von Papen, Schleicher, and Hitler, and the lesser fry. Here is a kennel containing every species of dog, but which breed is top dog it is hard to say.

HOME RULE FOR SCOTLAND.—The Premier interrupted his holiday at Lossiemouth last week to discuss for a brief hour the moderately burning question of Home Rule for Scotland which a section of the Glasgow Press has been ventilating of late. He was really very encouraging about it and in my view it is not an idea to discourage. For if any country is fit to govern itself and to achieve more good than harm in the process, that country is assuredly Scotland to-day. No nation in the Commonwealth is better fitted to look after her own domestic affairs and none is less likely to attempt to tamper with the policy of economic interdependence. A modified Home Rule is what Scotland desires and deserves, and I hope she will get it. Edinburgh, that Queen of Cities, which has preserved as no other, its dignity, its traditions, its select society, its romance, cries out for a Parliament worthy of its setting. And Mr. MacDonald, forgetting caution, hinted that such a dream might be fulfilled in the life of the National Government—for no party government will ever bring it off. Suffer him to wind up a few loose skeins, Lausanne, Geneva, Ottawa, Economy, etc., and then (who knows?) perhaps Home Rule for Scotland will shelve once more the question of House of Lords Reform. And then (O Scotia's Darling Seat) the golden days will come again to Auld Reekie. The old residential squares will blossom into life again, and a score of Scottish peers will sell their London houses and bring their ermine and their daughters to Edinburgh for the Season, a Season which for dignity, gaiety, wit, good taste and good sense will set an example to London which London will long envy and unsuccessfully attempt to imitate. If Mr. MacDonald is as good as his word, the Edinburgh Season will just about reach that pitch of perfection when my own daughters come out, which will justify a big effort on their behalf. I shall find decent lodgings for them within easy access of Princes Street and leave their education to be liberally finished in the Athens of the North, when Labour rules there. Dreams? But it is the Silly Season.

THE ROYAL GARDEN PARTY.—King's weather as usual favoured the Royal Garden Party which was planned and carried out on exactly the customary lines. The 300 yards of canvas-protected buffet displayed its thin red line of raspberries and cream and 6,000 of London's choicest and most genteel—twenty to every yard of front—did battle for the spoils when the Royal Party had safely reached the sacred enclosure near the lake. Eight thousand invitations were issued, an invidious task which each year grows more embarrassing, as Society continually expands and new stars swim into our ken. A tenth each year must suffer eclipse, 10 per cent. of new blood must annually infuse London Society with fresh vigour. Each year 800 chimney pieces make a space in vain for the magic envelope and its packet of enclosures. Hope flickers till the second week in July and then expires. And once out, what hope of return? *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*. But better a has-been than a never-was.

THE COURAGE OF IGNORANCE.—There is a great deal of courage latent and emergent in our race. But too often it is the wrong sort, the kind of recklessness which comes from a total lack of imagination or profound stupidity. It takes the form of double banking at hair-pin bends, and making first essays at swimming, out seawards instead of back shorewards. It is normal to read of twenty deaths from drowning during a warm week end in summer, and nineteen of those deaths are avoidable, a criminal waste of valuable lives. The most ordinary common sense directs that middle-aged men should not bathe immediately after a heavy meal, that non-swimmers must not go in at the deep end, that fat women shall not change their seats from the bows to the stern in deep waters, that for all concerned first bathes should be short bathes, and that babies should not be suffered to play on canal banks unwatched. Yet all these criminal follies are committed every summer day by people on whose education the taxpayer pours out his millions and millions every year. To inherit or acquire a vivid imagination is doubtless a mixed blessing. It is delightful to be able to paint a picture if the subject be a pleasant one. But it is necessary that anyone, claiming to be *homo sapiens*, should possess the power and the habit of painting a picture of realities, pleasant or unpleasant. And that power belongs still but to a small proportion of the race. To-day survival of the fittest means of the intellectually fit.

GO HE MUST.—August, if you please, is on us. The summer is almost over, the leaves lie thick on the pavements in the London squares. Such Mayfair drawing-rooms as survive are in brown holland and the memories of another London Season are laid up in lavender. August comes as a reminder the more sudden and bitter by the fact that that meteor which has passed was a very fine, a notable, summer. The sundial has counted far more sunny hours than usual and is still growling about overtime. And now in Norfolk the fowlers are all set for shooting the flappers on the Broads on the first; the papers have published long since a rather "window dressed" list of Scottish shooting lets (including a large number of last year's tenants who are not taking places in Scotland this year) and the night expresses North are already well filled. Highland proprietors nearly all have taken note of a timeous warning issued by Mackintosh and Lord Lovat and have arranged to begin driving grouse several days earlier than usual—to wit on August 15. There is a real fear that in favoured districts there may not be time or guns available to get the birds properly shot. But Nature as usual plays a prudent part in this business. On the East Coast where a marvellous year was enjoyed in 1931, the big stock left over has caused a fair amount of disease. In Western Perth and Inverness the stock left was not sufficiently large to give this year a bumper yield, as the excellent conditions warranted. It will be a good average year for grouse and a very bad one for owners of grouse moors who depend on letting well. But our sea coast is as congested as usual. Cowes is as busy a Roads as ever, Lymington river is choc-a-bloc with little yachts, Bognor finds no difficulty at all in letting its beach shacks at the rent of a country vicarage. The sands of Blackpool, Rhyl, and Brighton provide standing room only, and no passing car is permitted to halt even for a moment at any point on the sea front between Sidmouth and Southend.

sletter

More than that, a miniature golf enthusiast could play his footling way from Torquay to Broadstairs along an endless chain of piffling hazards. And the poor old Channel is embarrassed with swimmers and shrunk to the little measure of the Fleet ditch.

GO TO THE GARRICK.—If for the expenditure of five shillings you can secure one of the best seats in the house to see a first rate Galsworthy play performed by first rate actors in a fine London theatre, you have a chance you really must not miss. If such a venture succeed, there is hope for British drama. The "circuses" and feasts for the eye do no service to British drama and pay no dividends to their promoters. Legitimate drama at popular prices is the way of salvation if our rich heritage of dramatic talent is to survive. The nation is still stage struck and cries out for wholesome food, and will not for ever pay millionaire's prices for Barmecide's feasts. At heart we are all shrewd dramatic critics. We know and appreciate good acting when we see it. Go to the Garrick, give success to a brave venture, and break down this barrier of high prices and elaborate spectacles. Let us have bread instead of circuses.

DAHLIAS.—The dahlias are coming out—depressing reminder of autumn. But—encouraging reminder of that flower's longevity—they will brighten our gardens gloriously and continuously from now until the first October frost turns them to mush in a night. An incredibly satisfactory flower! We have found that plants we have grown from seed indoors at the beginning of this year are already flourishing and blooming in their full perfection. The flower was unknown until the end of the eighteenth century, and Holland House had the honour, I believe, of introducing it to England in 1804. Vassall, Lord Holland, found them in Madrid, where they had lately become the rage. They get their name from a Swedish botanist, Dahl, but seem to have Spain as their spiritual home. It is odd, too, that Dahl's name stuck to them, for he had already given his name to another flower and efforts were made to re-christen the new species *Georgina*; but *Dahlia* had come to stay.

LORD CHELMSFORD.—Lord Chelmsford has come to the harbour where he would be—to the anchorage which assuredly should be reserved for public men of his calibre, for the good at once of university life and thought and of the public reputations of public men. How often have I urged it in these columns! How often have I painted fancy pictures happier than fact. A Mr. Asquith ending gloriously as Master of Balliol; a Lloyd-George, with all his fame intact, a living Cincinnatus in a Welsh University. Lord Chelmsford knew what he wanted and has attained his wish. He is a fit and proper person for the Wardenship of All Souls'. A Fellow of that College and of Magdalen; a sound scholar and sound cricketer; a man of wide experience in public life, as Colonial Governor, as Indian Viceroy, as First Lord in the Labour Government, as Agent-General for Australia. A public servant rather than a party man, he can bring into Oxford life and thought the wider view, the Imperial outlook, without party bias or junker truculence. May his appointment open wider to public men the doors of university life and preserve the reputations of both.

ARMADA WEEK.—We have been enjoying our navy week and our regatta week in a score of British seaports and resorts. Appropriately—for the week just passed holds in history a grimmer significance. Three-and-a-half centuries ago it was Armada week and the memory of that week of anxiety was long burnt on our hearts. We starved our navy and then screamed for it in 1588, as we may do again. Our Empire was newly born then; to-day it sprawls over the face of the earth and the oceans; and every man trained to the sea is as great an asset to-day as he proved then. Holidaymakers all along the south coast may see the ghosts of that invisible fleet. She entered the Channel off Cornwall and was first engaged with our ships off Devon where some of her personnel came ashore as prisoners or survivors, as the black eyes of Clovelly school children bear witness to this day. She drove on, stung by our hornets, and all England gasped when she passed south of Wight. In Calais Roads whither her doom drove her, the first phase ended. England sat watching on the Dover cliffs and only yesterday I was reading an eye-witness's original letter painting the scene. Robert Cecil wrote to his father describing the passing fleet and the light of the fire-ships at night. You may read that letter, with its ink not faded, in the Record Office to-day.

THE OLD STAGER.

THE ROYAL GARDEN PARTY: "King's weather"—a brilliant day in a week which somewhat let down the standard set by the heat wave—was, as usual, forthcoming for the great alfresco function of the Season. Nearly 8,000 guests streamed into the gardens to eat raspberries, drink tea, see friends, criticise frocks—and pay an unalloyed and heartfelt tribute to the King and Queen

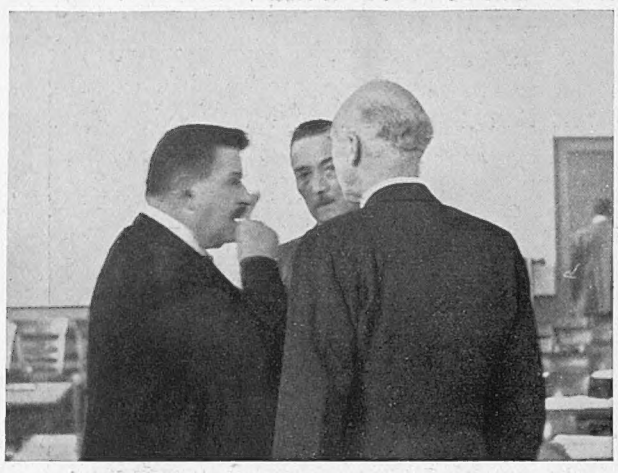
FASHION TRIUMPHANT: The Royal Garden Party is as provocative of *la mode* as Royal Ascot. The models this year ranged from the *chic* of modernity to the graciousness of Victorian days. The "Bertha" is extremely popular in this year of Grace, while the "open-work frock," as one mere man described it, is likewise a favourite

EMBLEMATIC: An anchor as a decoration was worn on the sleeve of her blouse by one visitor to the Founder's Day celebrations at the Nautical College, Pangbourne

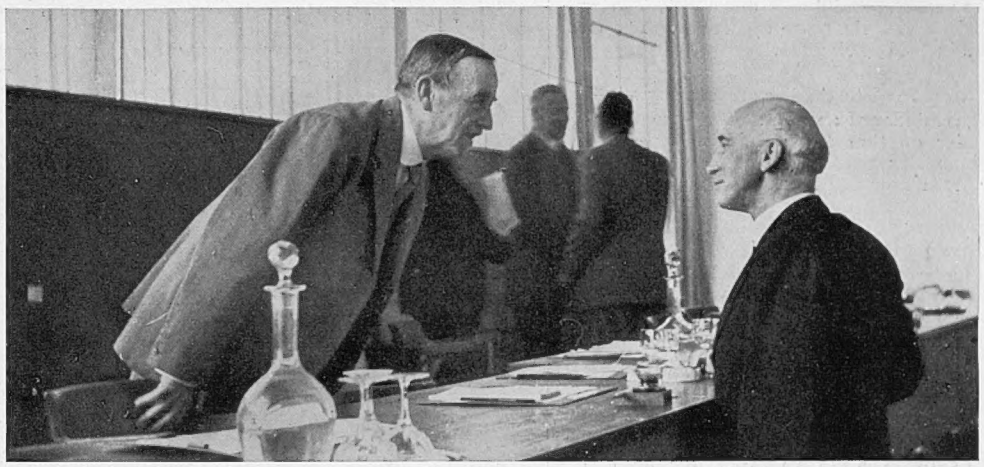
INCARNATING BRITAIN: Miss Amy Johnson in the role of "Miss Britain"—in the Empire pageant play, *Britain Awake*, at the Kingsway Theatre, in aid of the Princess Marie Louise Club Settlement, Bermondsey. "Johnnie," in flying kit, is seen above

FRANCE DISCUSSES GERMANY: M. Herriot and M. Boncour discuss the speech of Herr Nadolny, the chief German delegate, who stated the Fatherland had done all it could. Behind M. Herriot is M. Cassin

FRANCO-AMERICAN: Mr. Norman Davis, Senator Swanson, Mrs. Wooley with M. Leygues and M. Painlevé. The Bureau of the Conference is to meet at Geneva in September to draft a convention on the basis of the principles in the General Resolution and to prepare work for the Second Session beginning in 1933



TRIANGULAR: The chief delegates of the three dominant European Powers—Sir John Simon of Britain, M. Herriot of France, Herr Nadolny of Germany, after the final meeting of the somewhat abortive Disarmament Conference



THE LEAVE TAKING: Sir John Simon bids au revoir to the President of the Conference, Mr. Arthur Henderson, who said, in his speech terminating the first session, which endured from February to this week, that the work done and the resolution drafted marked a step in the right direction but did not go so far as anyone had hoped

THE VOICE OF RUSSIA; M. Litvinov, the Soviet delegate, in the course of making a speech. A decision of the full Conference recommended an extension of the existing Armaments Truce for four months from November

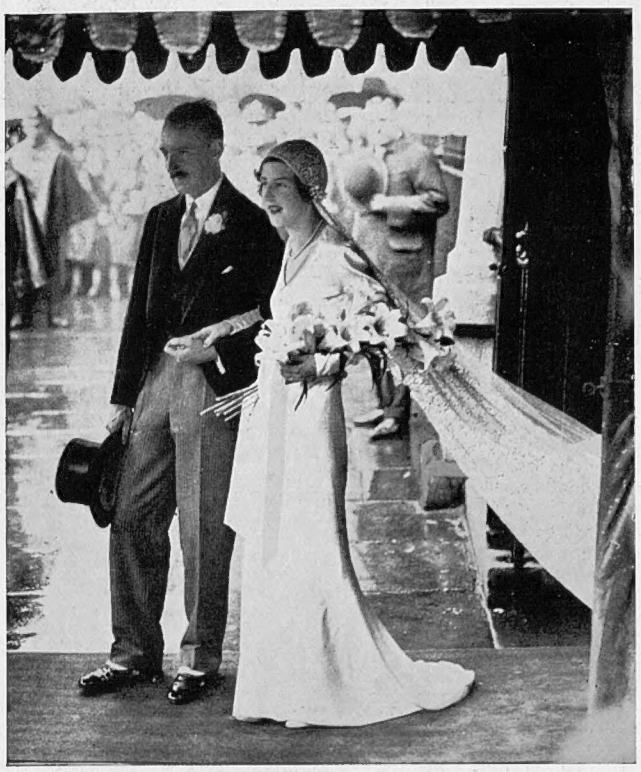
FRIENDLY POST-PRANDIAL DISCUSSION: A group after the Herriot banquet at the Hôtel des Bergues, consisting of Sir Herbert Samuel, Mr. Norman Davies of America, M. Herriot, M. Paul Boncour, Herr Nadolny, Sir John Simon and M. Litvinov, the Soviet delegate. It is ironical to see the Communist in a white tie when the others are wearing black!

THE CLOSURE: Mr. Arthur Henderson, flanked by M. Benès of Czechoslovakia and Sir Eric Drummond, the retiring Secretary-General of the League, closes the Disarmament Conference

Pictures by Dr. Erich Salomon

OVER THE COFFEE CUPS: Sir Herbert Samuel, Mr. Norman Davis, and M. Herriot chat together after the Herriot banquet at the Hôtel des Bergues. The general opinion of the Conference may be summarized in the tag, *vox et praeterea nihil*

SOCIETY



WHERE ROYALTY WAS PRESENT: Lord Grenfell and Miss Betty Shaughnessy, step-daughter of the Hon. Piers Legh, Equerry to the Prince of Wales, at St. Margaret's, Westminster

THE SPACIOUS DAYS: Lady Radnor in the role of lady-in-waiting with her three children, Lord Folkestone, Lady June Pleydell-Bouverie and Lady Belinda Pleydell-Bouverie, as pages in the Elizabethan Masque and Fayre organized in aid of the Waifs and Strays Society

THE RECORD: The Earl of Radnor takes a moving picture of a group of the pages—among whom were his own three children—in the Elizabethan Masque presented in the grounds of Longford Castle, his superb country seat in Wiltshire. A galaxy of social stars participated in the pageant

THE ERA OF GOOD QUEEN BESS came to life in the Masque and Fayre, written by the Countess of Ypres and presented for the benefit of the Waifs and Strays Society in the grounds of Longford Castle, the seat, near Salisbury, of the Earl of Radnor. A general group of participants, among whom the choir, in modern clothes, semi-concealed by their surplices, strike an anachronistic note in a setting of ageless beauty, are seen above. *Inset* is a glimpse of the Prince of Wales making a hurried dash for the East Door of St. Margaret's, Westminster, when, in pouring rain, the marriage of Lord Grenfell and Miss Shaughnessy, step-daughter of the Hon. Piers Legh, the Prince's Equerry, was solemnized. Prince George, and the Duke of Connaught were among the guests

THE MAELSTROM

The Recent Events in Germany, Occasioned by the Parties, are here Disentangled and Presented in Co Trends, Personalities, and

By PAUL

(London Editor of t

THE PROCLAMATION OF MARTIAL LAW: A gathering in Berlin after the promulgation of the new and stringent regulations by the von Papen Government, the dominant force in which is General von Schleicher

The men who have succeeded Chancellor Bruening, after his apparently sudden dismissal by President Hindenburg, have little in common with Mussolini or Pilsudski or Kemal Pasha. They do not adhere to a faith new to political history, nor do they even use new slogans. They observe the intricate regulations which are called the Weimar Constitution. They stand for order, for the reconstruction of Germany, and a "new life" for the German people.

So they say.

But so did Bruening.

Nevertheless their appearance created a tremendous sensation everywhere. Most of the new men were practically unknown to the public at large, even in Germany. Most of them belonged to the aristocracy. There was a "hunch" of restoration of the *ancien régime*, the seemingly very distant government of twenty years ago, round these names. Evidently the whole move was toward the Right. Difficult to say what this Right was. The nucleus of the new Cabinet consisted of three men.

The Reichskanzler, Herr von Papen, a man of sincere goodwill and genuine kindliness, belonged to the Catholic "Centre," but had to sever relations with it immediately. Herr von Schleicher was a "political" general without any party allegiance. It is forbidden in the new army as in the old. And he, without the slightest doubt, is now the leading spirit in the Wilhelmstrasse. A shrewd man and effusive in speeches. And there was Herr von Gail, the new Minister of Interior, landowner in the East, the only "Junker" in the technical sense in the Cabinet. He, too, was not exactly a "party man" of the pattern which, up to this crisis, has furnished their Ministers to the changing Cabinets of the Republic. They seemingly belonged more to a group of common convictions and tendencies than to a party.

One has spoken of the "Herrenclub von Berlin" as the cradle of the new Cabinet. This club has a large but handpicked membership of big industrialists and big landowners from all parts of Germany, Prussia having a certain preponderance. They, as a whole, were not at all reactionary in a stale and sterile way. Most of them have participated very actively in post-War life. All watched events with keen attention. In this circle, criticism against Bruening—against his indifference, as it was called toward the Hitlerist movement; his irresoluteness, as people thought; his lack of contact with German public opinion; his coldness, as they described his outwardly detached and always self-controlled manner—criticism was rife. While certainly the Herrenclub sympathized with the new Cabinet and may have known more than other mortals about the imminent overthrow of Bruening, certainly only a very little group was cognisant of what was going to happen. Among them were Hitler with some of his advisers. Certain bargains with them, it is reliably recorded, preceded the formation of the Papen Cabinet. The entry of some Hitlerites into the present Cabinet after the Reichstag elections of July 31 was discussed thoroughly. The Reichstag had to be dissolved. This, too, was a condition laid down by Hitler and gladly accepted by the new men.

In a word, they will—and wish—to rule with sympathizers but not with followers. By that it is indicated that they prefer to stand above party rather than to move in the throng and shuffle of parliamentary machinations. They certainly present a type of Government unusual in the history of the Republic. They certainly are not too enthusiastic about ideals of government of the people and by the people. But they sympathized, there is no doubt, with the Hitler movement—in their own way. They did not admire the Socialistic Prussian Government, or any such governments. This at least, is absolutely patent.

We had better plunge at once into actual happenings after Bruening's downfall. As we have seen, the way was opened for the Nazis in the Reich by dissolving the Reichstag. But in Prussia, where two-thirds of the German people live, the elections in April did not succeed in bringing a full majority to the Nazis. Complete deadlock had developed and so the very efficient Prime Minister, Herr Braun, had stayed in power with his Cabinet as it had proved impossible to elect a successor. The Nazis have certainly discussed this very unfortunate situation with the Papen Cabinet. Something had to be done.

A little less than two months before his resignation, Bruening had forbidden all political partisans to appear publicly in uniform or with their emblems. Skirmishing between storm troops of the different organizations had developed disquietingly while election campaign followed election campaign during the first months of the year. Uniform attracted uniform. The Swastika of the Hitlerites provoked the Soviet emblem on the Communist caps. In the name of public order and safety—we shall hear still more about these words—these magnetic emblems were forbidden. Fighting soon stopped, at least for the moment. Now, by one of its first acts, the Papen cabinet cancelled this very ordinance which had so effectively served its purpose. The consequences were twofold and considerable.

The Southern States of Federal Germany and even Saxony protested vehemently. Especially was Bavaria deeply stirred. But every Southern state denounced the measure sternly. It was just asking for trouble, it was said. What was its aim? The overthrow of Bruening, the configuration in the new Cabinet, had provoked suspicions about the ultimate designs of this sudden reshuffling of power in the Reich. Now the first action of the Papen Government pushed aside all objections of the Southern States in this difficult matter of handling the unruly storm battalions of the party organizations. This was considered as an encroachment on their rights. Berlin had touched a very vital, a very delicate point, in German political life. Ever since the foundation of a United Germany in 1871 all possible friction between South and North had been carefully avoided.

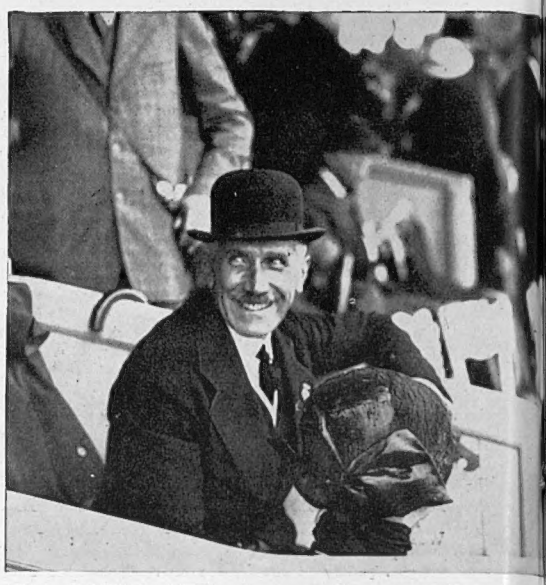
A very lively discussion followed between the chiefs of the several Federal States and the Chancellor in Berlin. A compromise was reached, though not by far a satisfactory one from the Southern viewpoint. The right to grant permission for gatherings was left to the local authorities unconditionally. The Nazis had intended to hold a demonstration of 40,000 men in Munich. This had to be cancelled.

But while these discussions in the realm of state-law were proceeding, trouble had started anew everywhere in Germany. Armed clashes increased again, but on a much larger scale than before. Numerous murders were recorded, but their full measure was certainly not published. In certain parts of Berlin the situation became acute. To say that there was already a state of civil strife would be an exaggeration. But things were bound to become highly dangerous at any moment. Something had to be done.

The Papen Cabinet turned back on the Prussian Government. It held them responsible for the increasing flood of political crime in Germany. And in the nick of time President von Hindenburg appointed a "Reich Commissioner for Prussia" who had to take over the duties of the Prussian Cabinet. It was the collapse of the Socialist regime, as the Nazis were fond of describing rather summarily the Prussian Government; the citadel of the hated "System" had been conquered. Perhaps it is true that the Schleicher-Papen group decided only after much hesitation to take this momentous step. That it was in their original line cannot be doubted. That the cancellation of the Uniform Veto had nothing to do with the wish of the Reich Cabinet to bring the Prussian issue to the fore is more difficult to believe.

In any event, when Herr von Papen acquainted three members of the Cabinet with the fact that the President of the Reich had deemed it necessary to appoint him as Reich Commissioner, he pointed out that Article 48 of the Constitution was the legal basis of this action. Owing to this article, a measure like this could be taken if public order and safety were in danger and not sufficiently safeguarded by the powers in existence. This was the present case. But Papen did not declare a state of siege in Berlin and Brandenburg at this juncture. This he did only when Ministers, the Police President of Berlin, and the Commander of the Police—the "Schupo"—protested and declared that they could not obey the orders. Simultaneously most Socialist high officials in the Ministries and provinces were dismissed.

The Ministers



THE STRONG MEN: Herr von Papen and General vo Even dictators must play the social card occasionally Chancellor, who is naturally a man of suavity and excellent manners, enables him effectively t

HERR BRAUN, whose Premiership, based on awaiting the turn of the tide, is terminated

"STORM TROOPS": *On left* are the Nazis, with their their anachronistic emblem, the Swastika, the prayer the previous Government. The von Papen regime, young men in uniform of the Bismarckbund, yet

THAT IS GERMANY

Welter of Intricate, Overlapping, and Conflicting Constitution of the Reich prehensible Form by an Authority on the Tendencies,

SCHEFFER
"Berliner Tageblatt"

Schleicher at the Grand Prix of Berlin, at Grünewald. This function of his office comes with ease to the elegance. His training, allied with his good looks and cloak with grace the decisions of von Schleicher

GENERAL VON RUNDSTADT, who, under the most recent orders, is virtually the head of Berlin

golden-voiced leader, Adolf Hitler, bearing in triumph wheel of Buddha, an emblem forbidden to be borne by however, has rescinded the decree of ban. *On right* are another semi-military, quasi-political organization

protested to the Reich President. They appealed to the State Court, which has to handle constitutional questions. Papen had made technical mistakes. He had spoken of himself in letters to Braun and other Ministers as "Prussian Minister President," while he was and only could be "Reich Commissioner." This lapse put him in the wrong, and gave the Ministers, as they said at once, the right not to appear before him. In addition, the Reich Commissioner could not, as he did, dismiss the Prussian Ministers. He could only suspend them from their offices. But the Prussian Government, of course, did not insist on those legal niceties. They flatly denied that "public safety and order" were really in danger. No material foundations were existent for the decree of the Reich President. Though all Southern States showed signs of deep apprehension of what had happened to the biggest Federal State, only Baden made a complaint to the State Court at Leipzig. Wuertemberg limited herself to writing a letter to Herr von Hindenburg, the contents of which are not yet known. Bavaria, perhaps in connection with some parliamentary move, abstained from all official action. But Papen met all Chiefs of the Federal States in Stuttgart, meeting them more than half way as to that matter, because hitherto such conventions have always been held in Berlin. Herr von Papen stated in Stuttgart that the Reichstag elections would be held in all circumstances, that the Reichskommissar would not become a permanent institution, and that the state of emergency in Berlin and Brandenburg would soon be cancelled.

THE ARREST: The Reichswehr, the force on which, with the "Schupo," the von Papen Government largely is based, marches Herr Heimannsberg to prison as a "martial law" measure on his failure to resign

It is ridiculous to speak of the decree of Hindenburg and the following action of the Reich Cabinet in Prussia as a *coup d'état*. The appointment of a Reich Commissioner kept within the provisions of the Constitution. They are laid down in the famous Article 48, Paragraph I. Heaps of books and learned pamphlets have been written during the last years about this legal instrument. None of them has considered a situation exactly the same, in all its all too interesting details, as has now arisen. But nowhere has the legality of the present action, in its broad lines, been contested. It may be fitting to a certain style of headlines, dear to a certain press, to speak of "Dictatorship in Prussia," and "Putsch." Nobody used these expressions when similar things happened in previous years to Saxony and Thuringia. President Hindenburg and the Cabinet remained, with all their very unusual doings, faithful to the letter of the Constitution, though Papen made some mistakes in form.

Can it be denied that in this first stage everything had developed most successfully from the point of view of the initiators of this whole sudden change in the Prussian Government? There had been the least possible trace of confusion, if, indeed, any at all. The streets in Berlin had remained quiet when Reichswehr officers and detachments appeared ominously in the Wilhelmstrasse and before the official buildings at Unter den Linden. There had been a lonely attempt by some Communists and Radical-Socialists to "demonstrate" and to resist the police. But they were quickly quieted. One man was shot. There was no further blood shed—neither in Berlin nor in the province. There were no demonstrations anywhere. And only a few clashes occurred between Hitlerites and their foes. The fever curve fell down rapidly, it seemed.

The "Kapp-Putsch" had failed in 1920 because a general strike had been called out. A dull weapon now when 6,000,000 people are hungry and unemployed in Germany. And the "Kapp-Putsch" had been an improvisation. But this time the highest constitutional authority, the Reich, invested with all powers incumbent to it, dealt out the blow to the Socialist Government in Prussia. The Reichswehr is entirely at their disposal. The "Schupo" had been organized into a splendidly efficient body by Severing and his predecessor.

But there was not the slightest symptom noticeable of any unwillingness of these policemen to accept their new status under the Reichswehr or to execute the rather delicate order to accompany some of their previous superiors to a transitory imprisonment. Of course, there are suits in Leipzig. But could a more dignified and harmless form be imagined to follow up a political fight in which great stakes indeed are implicated—the power in Prussia, and more, the future of Prussia and, with that, of the Reich?

But what about the parties, the huge portion of the population in Prussia, and in the Reich, on whom all former governments of different shades of political belief have been based up to now? They, of course, hope that the coming elections to the Reichstag will show the reaction of public sentiment to the spectacular developments in Berlin during the last two months has already set in. They hope in addition that the overbearing manners of the Hitler storm-troops will have had a sobering influence on many people who have thrown in their lot with millions of others who follow the beautiful voice of Adolf Hitler. In fact, some lull in the general enthusiasm for Hitler became visible during the last weeks.

The Social Democracy, the most solidly built party structure perhaps in the whole world, is at present drawing all advantage from the fact that it had been pushed into the opposition by the disappearance of the Bruening Cabinet, which they had supported without being represented in it. They too now use strong language, indulge in radical phrases, and in addition show sympathy for the Communists, which up to now, had not appeared. The old word "liberty" has become a terrible actuality for everybody who does not put his faith in Hitler and his promises of the "Third Reich," where freedom is not needed but only unity. In all circumstances there was no probability that the Hitlerites would gain an absolute majority in the Reichstag. They have every chance with them to become by far the strongest party just the same.

Then, curiously enough, the Papen Government will be much in the same position as the Braun Government. It will not even have a party, or a combination of parties, firmly linked up with it! It will have a wavering majority only. It will try to co ordinate its much more moderate views with the radical, though patriotic, Hitlerites. And the Hitlerites will be, in any respect, a difficult instrument to play on.

But that is what the Papen Government intends to do. In fact, it has been created for that very purpose. The difference of opinion with Bruening lies in this issue. Bruening believed that he would see the ebb, the disappearance of the Hitler movement in due time if only he could hold on long enough. Two years more he thought. The mind of the German people would readjust itself, if only their material situation would improve. In the meantime he would stick it out, by emergency decrees, by only formal consultation with the Reichstag. He has excellent nerves.

But Schleicher saw things from quite another angle—very much as a soldier. He felt keenly the risk of a movement where elements of social revolution, of desperate radicalism were certainly represented and could get the better of Hitler himself. Hitler is surrounded by reckless and ambitious men. Was there any guarantee against "sudden events"?

The Papen Government relies on the Reichswehr in the last resort. And it has 160,000 men of the "Schupo" at its disposal.

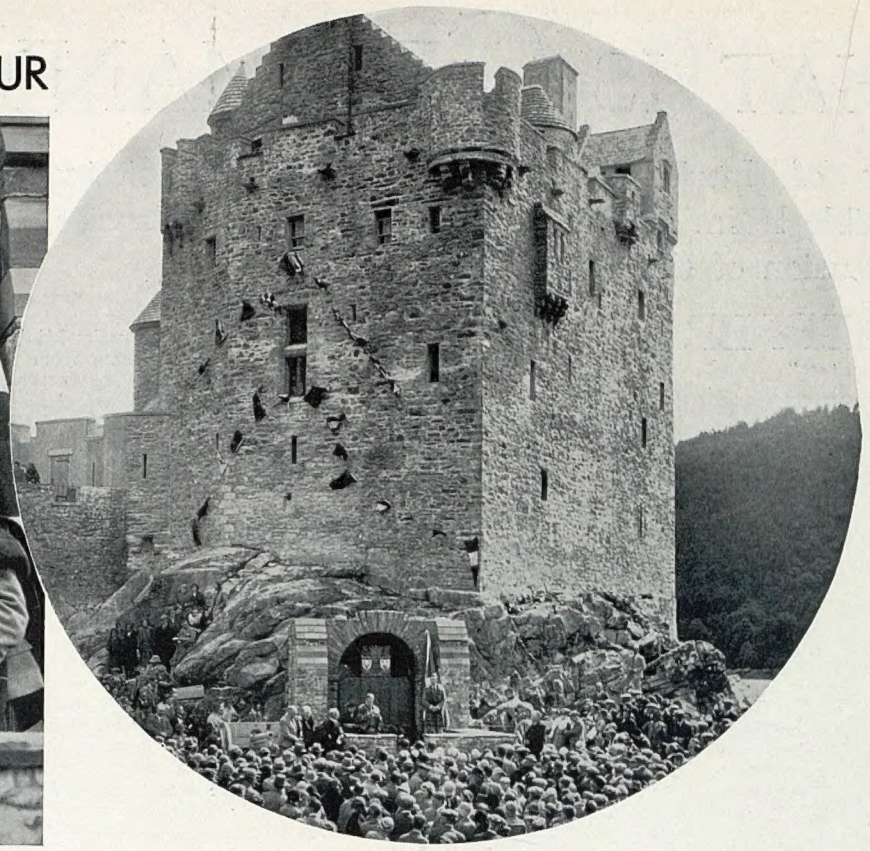
But this, of course, is not all. The Hitler movement is a patriotic movement. It means concentration of national forces from top to bottom. By this, Schleicher and the men with him, think that there are afforded great possibilities of increasing the effectiveness of government, of strengthening the executive, of cutting down the haphazardness, as they see it, of parliamentary activity. Much needed things, especially in such difficult times! There may exist monarchical appetites in the Papen–Schleicher group. But this is not the point at issue in present circumstances. The goal is to control unorganized forces, and to use their good impulses for the stabilization of consistent and sustained government.

It is evident that this attitude, which, after all, assumes in fact a decisive rôle for a minority, irrespective of the form of the Constitution, is bound to create suspicion and friction with the very Hitlerites, and especially with their leading group. Lausanne,

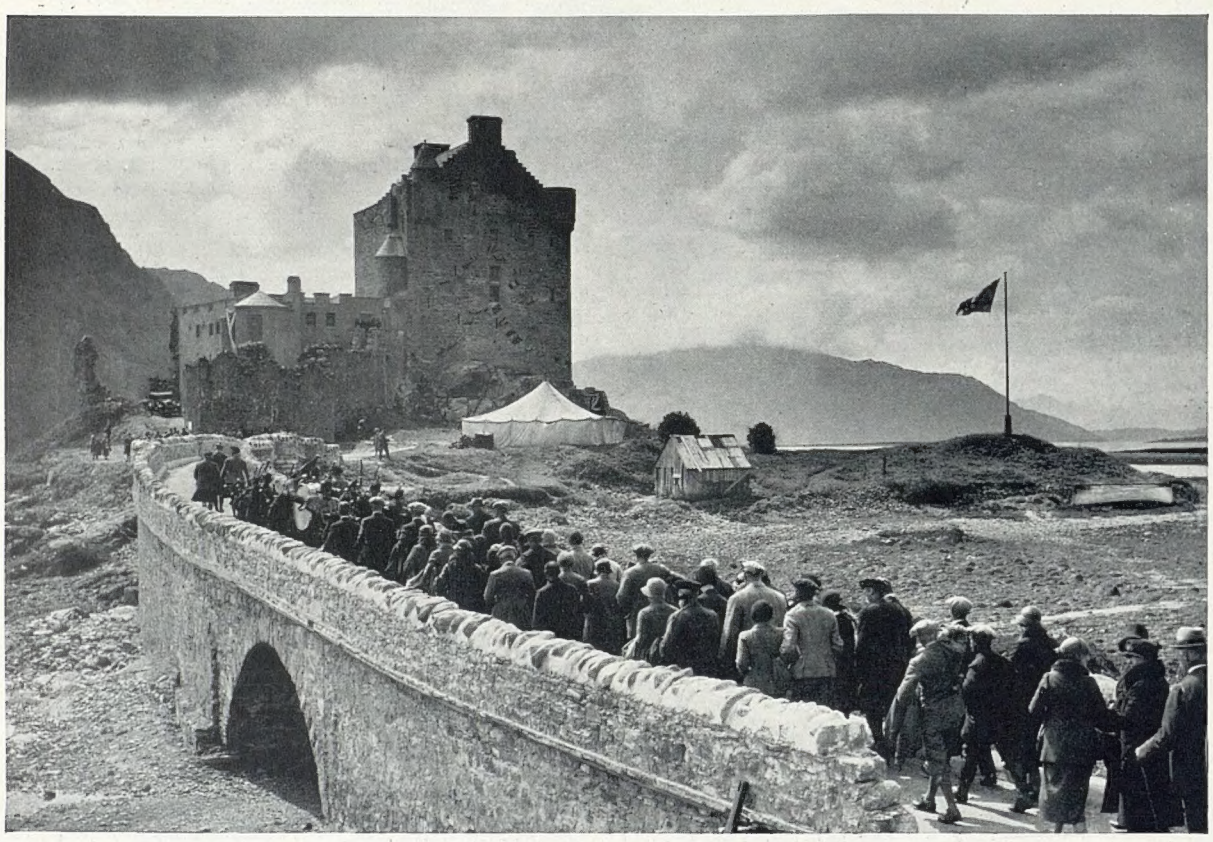
(*Continued on p.* 182)

A SCOTTISH GLORY RESTORED to its ERSTWHILE SPLENDOUR

THE WAR MEMORIAL to the clan MacRae at Eilean Donan was unveiled by Lord Lovat (head of the clan Fraser, right). Lieut.-Colonel John MacRae-Gilstrap, who made the restoration possible, is on left



CEREMONIAL: The War Memorial at Castle Eilean Donan, on the confluence of Lochs Duich, Alsh, and Long, unveiled. Lieut.-Colonel MacRae-Gilstrap is Constable of the Castle



CROSSING THE BRIDGE: Clansmen bound for the unveiling of the MacRae War Memorial traversing the span that links the castle to the mainland at Dornie. The thirteenth-century castle was battered by English frigates in 1719 (Battle of Glenshiel) during the aftermath of the rising on the last occasion when foreign invaders fought on British soil

After a labour of twenty years a miracle of reconstruction has just been completed in Ross-shire. Blown to pieces in 1719 after an abortive Jacobite rising, helped by Spaniards, the thirteenth-century castle of Eilean Donan now reappears in all the glory of a medieval fortress, complete in every detail. It stands on a small rocky islet at the confluence of Lochs Duich, Alsh, and Long and was acquired in 1912 by Lieut.-Colonel MacRae-Gilstrap, one of a long line of Constables of this stronghold of the Mackenzies of Kintail. Intending to re-create the castle as a place of residence, Lieut.-Colonel MacRae-Gilstrap has triumphantly accomplished his purpose and, on July 22, Lord Lovat, head of the clan Fraser, whose friendship with that of the MacRaes is proverbial, opened the castle and unveiled the MacRae War Memorial at a great clan gathering.

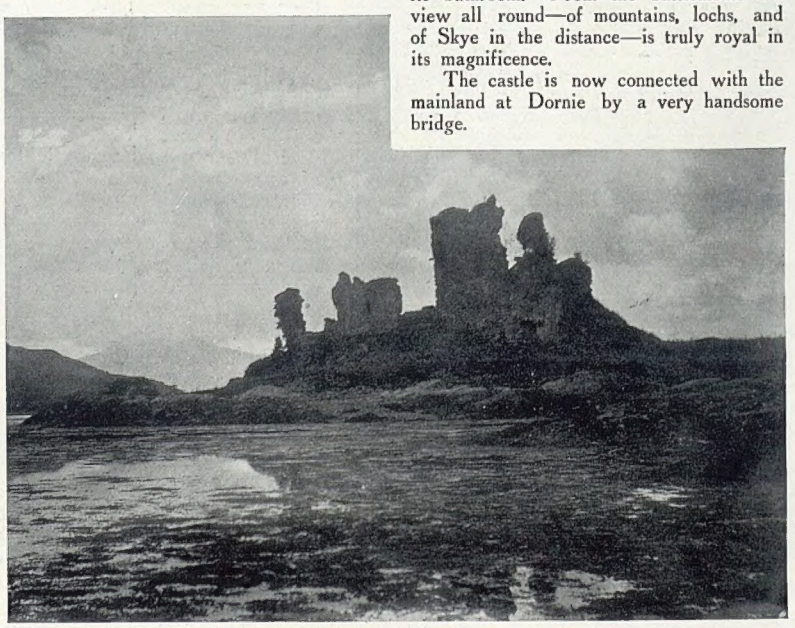
The work of reconstruction has been a tremendous task, even apart from the difficulties of transport of material from Edinburgh and of the huge stones quarried on the spot. Only the simplest methods were employed, in consonance with the masonry, wood, and iron work in the castle. All these were the product of craftsmen using only the old tools, so that the stone shows its dressing by hand; the oak, the strokes of the adze; and the iron, the work of the hammer.

Ancient features are cunningly combined with modern conveniences. In addition to stepped embrasures for windows and huge fireplaces for the burning of logs is central heating.

There are three bedroom storeys, two gained by a wheel stair—and each has its bathroom. From the battlements the view all round—of mountains, lochs, and of Skye in the distance—is truly royal in its magnificence.

The castle is now connected with the mainland at Dornie by a very handsome bridge.

AFTER RESTORATION—a general view of the castle



—AND BEFORE: The ruined castle seen from Dornie

The AQUARIUM of MONACO

THE BALL FISH, which can inflate itself at will and float on the surface of the water for an appreciable space of time

THE TRIGGER FISH which, aggressive when first captured, grows tame, like the conger, with the passing of time and learns to feed from the hand

NEW PICTURES OF STRANGE SEA DENIZENS

The Aquarium at Monaco, where the pictures reproduced on this page were recently taken, was founded in 1910 and contains many interesting specimens.

One of the most curious is the Trigger fish, which is sometimes known as the "Pig fish." It is savage and aggressive by nature, and at first it will attack the keeper but, after prolonged captivity, like the conger eel, it grows quite tame, even putting its head out of the water to take the food from the keeper's hand.

The Ball fish is one of the most interesting inhabitants of the Aquarium. At meal times it will rise to the surface of the water, puff itself out like a balloon, turning over on its back to show its belly which is covered with tiny points. This armour is its only means of defence against the numerous sea creatures in search of prey.

CUTTLEFISH which glide through water with elegant movements of the fins, which undulate in serpentine fashion along the entire body

MARBLED SEA PERCH, fish whose beauty of colouring is regrettably marred by the hideous formation of underhanging jaws and huge girth compared with their overall length

THE GRUNT OR CROAKER commonly termed, from the darkness of its colouring, "the crow of the sea"

"What the Barbarians forbore to do, the Barberini did"

Drawn by Hanslip Fletcher

The Pantheon of Rome, stripped of its precious metals by Pope Urban VIII to make the Baldacchino in St. Peter's

ROME

"As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be"

By T. H. COCHRAN

"What is Rome like?" wrote my friend.

Well, it is like one of those iced cakes made in several layers of different colours and flavours.

On top you have the icing as seen in the smart "Via Vittoria Veneto"—its Bond Street effect, modern bright shops, de luxe hotels such as "The Excelsior," with a crowd waiting for Charlie Chaplin to emerge.

Pretty *très-soignées* women dropping into Rosatis Café for an "Americano" or "Cappucino."

Elegant soldiers with their azure-blue cloaks who, if they are fire-eaters in war, are cake eaters in peace.

But a space away is the old Roman Wall which encircles the neck of Rome like a threadbare velvet collar.

The other day, whilst taking tea at a friend's villa, she put into my lap a fragment of sculpture, a marble foot of Etruscan period. She smiled in answer to my excited query.

"I do a lot of gardening and am always digging up bits and pieces like that."

Cut a little of the Roman cake and one is in another civilization.

Here the lamb of Roman Catholicism lies peacefully with the lion of Fascism.

Churches everywhere—as thick as jewellers' shops in the Rue de la Paix. The Romanesque, the Baroque, the Byzantine, the Greek, the Renaissance. Each, if possible, guards a relic. The amazing credulity of medieval times has not quite died out. Huge sums were given for a scrap of the candle lit by the angel at Christ's tomb, a twig of the bush from which the Lord spoke to Moses. So you find to-day the chains of St. Peter, pieces of the true cross, and of the table on which the Last Supper was served.

Lean on one of the Pincio Gardens' balustrades. It is sunset; the sea of domes, spires, and roofs of Rome swims in the soft light. The fountains splash softly under the clipped ilex trees.

Flocks of young seminarists, like birds, are homing to their colleges. They wear the coloured soutanes of their various orders: the bright scarlet of Germany, the violet of the Scotch, the blue and red of the Belgians. They chatter like parrots, crows or magpies as they pass.

I like the old river god, Marforio, on whom the witty cobbler, Pasquino, used to pin his lampoons. When Pope Sixtus V ennobled his sister, a lady of distinctly lowly degree, Pasquino announced to Rome that he could not get his shirt washed, for his washerwoman had been made a princess.

So Pasquinades became a tradition—thus, during the French occupation, Pasquino remarked that all Frenchmen were thieves. His friend and gossip replied, "No, all but Buonaparte" (a good part). When Pope Urban VIII, a Barberini, stripped the Pantheon of its precious metals to make the Baldacchino in St. Peter's, this remark duly appeared on a Roman statue, "What the Barbarians forbore to do, the Barberini did."

On the Capitol are kept a couple of caged wolves, and close by are two rather feather-worn eagles. This miniature zoo is supposed to convey the Imperial insignia of Rome. But the wolves were whining for their lunch and the eagles were moulting, so I thought this side-show a failure.

Then there is the Theatre of Marcellus which they are clearing of its modern dwellings and rubbish. There is a notice on the hoardings which surround it, "Old bricks from the Theatre of Marcellus may be bought here." A theatre commenced by Cæsar, and now you may have bits to build a garden path or make a bin for manure!

Well, that's Rome!

A hefty bus will decant you by the shell of the old Colosseum. With a little imagination you may people it again with its thousands of patricians and plebs. On the very top are the sailors from Misenum holding tight on to the ropes which keep the billowing silken canopy in place.

The roar of the blood-lusty audience floats up and mingles with the shrieks of the dying, the snarl of wild beasts, or the clash of steel on steel of the gladiators.

Blood of man and beast dyes the yellow sand, whilst huge braziers of aromatics burn and scented fountains play, preventing the nostrils of 50,000 spectators from being too greatly assailed by the stench of blood.

A pretty afternoon, my masters!

Rome of the Seven Hills and of countless fountains, which are not only æsthetic but are also necessary. For here the populace fill their bottles and jars. Many of the Roman houses are unsupplied with water.

Streets which end at a fine square, a sculptured column.

Streets lined with fine Palazzi.

Streets whose pavement is so narrow that walking is only permitted—right on one side, left on the other.

Carabinieri in couples with Napoleonic hats. Milkmen with small carts, trumpeting their wares. Baskets on strings let down from windows to receive household provisions.

Flowers at every corner. Branches of mimosa blossom and almond; bunches of anemones, violets, roses, and hyacinths.

Here pass the wine carts—two-wheeled, gay with paintings—in which the driver sits on a high seat, mostly asleep, under a curious umbrella-like covering of oilcloth. He brings the wines of Rome from the Campagna—Frascati, Albano, and I Castelli Romani (the Roman Castles).

Modern streets loud with hooting motor cars. The Appian Way silent with catacombs. Modern architecture closing in a forum of splintered columns.

From Marcus Aurelius to Mussolini!

From Paganism to Papacy!

From the Golden House of Nero to the rust-red Quirinale of Savoy!

The Capital of a Nation, yet a village!

That's Rome!

VIA APPIA: The first road in the world, which still retains portions of its ancient paving. Beside it run crumbling monuments and catacombs

A WORLD SURVEY

EVOLUTION: Darwin's theory that man can adapt himself to any given circumstances is exemplified in the behaviour of jobless New Yorkers in the new (economic) Ice-age that has overwhelmed the city

THEODORA OF BYZANTIUM, the consort of the Emperor Justinian, lived again at a recent fête at Athens

THE STADIUM OF ATHENS beheld again the priests of Mycenaean mythologies celebrating their rites

THE WOMEN OF MYCENAE, the cradle of the Hellenic civilization, made an unexpected and altogether delightful appearance at a fête at Athens. The types are amazingly like those recorded on the "Grecian Urns" of antiquity. The fête was held in the Stadium, and recreated for an hour the atmosphere of "The Glory that was Greece"

SPORTING GERMANY: The interior and exterior of the Westphalian Hall (Westfalenhalle) which has been erected at Dortmund to accommodate 15,000 spectators. It is the largest and best equipped building of its type on the Continent. The erection of such structures as these—for amusement only—reflects somewhat on the verity of the parade of "starving Germany" made by the pre-von Papen Governments

e

A TALE OF TWO-

By FERDIN

DANCING IN THE STREET IN BROAD DAYLIGHT is scarcely the type of thing that the Old Brigade approves, symptomatic as it is of lack of leisure and the furious cult of speed even on the sacred day, July 14

Paris-of-Forty-and-Over has awakened to the sad conclusion that a city has slipped from underneath its feet, for a second and very different customer to take its place. Characteristically realization has come late in the day. Could Paris be wrong? Never! Paris was Paris, unique and eternal. Anyone who said the contrary was just incapable of appreciating the elegant and rarified note permeating existence there. Alas, like so many other conceptions, this now had to come up for overhaul. And at the instance of none other than those very lights and souls of "Tout Paris" who in the past have been most associated with the spirit of the French capital.

"Nous avons connu la douceur de vivre," runs the Talleyrand refrain, "cinq, dix ans avant la guerre. C'était le bon temps."

To which the Under-Thirty-Fives laughingly counter with "Nonsense! You're just getting old! Tired! The good time you talk about is merely the time when one is young!"

"But, no," argue back those who were of man and womanhood before the War. "In this special case you are wrong. The changes have been too immense. So many things which composed life have gone. Unity, tranquillity, leisure, harmony, certainty, facileness of living."

"But we are *living!*"

"So did we! But we could vary things. We could watch the Comte de Lambert fly round the Eiffel Tower and then resume our graceful progress down the Avenue du Bois, returning from the Grand Prix. We could speed, too. Gabriel won Paris-Madrid at over a hundred kilométres an hour in 1903. Yourselves barely risk more than that now! And Marconigrams were in full swing to America, and towards the end Pegoud was looping and we even had Charlot. The truth is we had the best of both worlds. We were in the extraordinarily rare position of being able to witness, from an equipage, from a pony-chaise, the birth of the new age, of everything that has matured since. One moment excitement, the next, a perfectly natural quiet about us. We had all your thrills and more than them, for our being pioneers, and little or none of your ugliness and care and rush and pandemonium."

So, it is, that a kind of tale-of-two-cities debate has sprung up: Paris then, and Paris now. Of course, the thing isn't new. As a cynic observes: "Under the Second Empire very mention of Louis-Philippe and of Louis XVIII brought a marvelling smile in the moustaches of old gentlemen. The evenings at the 'Italiens' with Tambourini, the oysters of the 'Rocher de Cancale,' the suppers of the Café Anglais, the déjeuners-dansants of Comte Apponyi, and Eugène Sue, and Milord l'Arsouille, who carried a naked woman down the Boulevards on his shoulders . . . one knew how to laugh then.

"Under the Third Republic one said that Paris had been lovely under the Second Empire. With Hortense Schneider and Cora Pearl and la Païva, and its restaurants, Véfour and the Frères Provençaux."

To-day the notion is to go one better. Paris apparently touched her culminating point of gaiety and savoir-vivre with the French Cancan, when Grand Dukes drank champagne out of buckets at Maxim's, when women wore ostrich feathers and cherries, and diamonds and astrakhan, and when men had buttonholes and were ever bending to kiss a hand. There were no brutes then given to physical culture; everyone lived for the gentler arts. All Paris was talking about *Chantecler* for two months before it was produced. Things of the mind then alone pleased; not boxers and match kings. But gaiety was there, too. As when a duke drove round the Concorde with a demi-mondaine on a scavenger's cart.

Nevertheless, it may be that the dismissal of the case will not quite do, it being a triteness to observe that all the changes from Louis XVIII to Félix Faure, rolled into one, can scarcely equal the drastic summer-sault that has occurred in the past twenty-five years or full generation.

Like most other things, the subject has been given its present impetus by "la crise." Barely a year ago, alone among capitals, Paris was still blithely carrying on. The summer of 1932 finds everyone bothered and short of funds, and, not unnaturally, inclined to turn back to days when such things were not. Also, the indubitable falling-off of Paris as magnet to the foreigner may have opened Narcissian eyes. At all events, the lament for a lost Paris is well and truly on, and—it is worth mentioning—not alone among the class that has lost to another's gain. The lament may be equally heard in the smaller cafés and stores, and even from workmen. "C'était le bon temps." No doubt the greater class fusion and conserving instinct of the French are here operative.

As for the lamenters who are losers faced by such broader questions as the greater welfare of the many, they are concerned to extend the issue, preferring simply to claim that they're right when they say that the Paris of Loubet—ah, that is the one that comes back—was "when life was really worth living."

"Le temps des fiacres"! It is remarkable how that odoriferous crawler has come to typify the Paris that is so missed by some, gone beyond recall. One could flirt and flâner in the fiacre, and take half an hour to ascend the Champs Elysées while the world watched in similar dallying ease, as if things were to proceed so for ever and a day. And it would cost you just 2 francs an hour. I see this from a current composition depicting prices for 1907, year when I first saw Paris, and with eleven francs in my pocket to last two days—I had decamped from a Lycée at Rouen, the return fare being 6 francs. Portuguese oysters were 60 centimes the dozen, a large bock 25 centimes, entrance to the Casino de Paris 2 francs, while this dinner, wine included, at the Café de Paris, is marked 15 francs:

Hors d'œuvres Russes
Escalopes de Homard Thermidor
Pommes Massenet
Caneton Froid à la Rouennaise
Cœurs de Laitues
Aubergines Sidnay
Glaces, Fromage, Fruits

Chablis, St. Julien, Corton, Mumm

It was evidently a reunion, and across the menu is "cigare, 15 centimes." Fifteen francs. Multiply that by the post-War coefficient of 5 = 75. Could one get that menu now for 75 francs? Emphatically one could not. The wine alone would cost that. The high cost of food and wine, and their deterioration, are "for much" in the litany of the Forty-and-Overs. It exercises them far more than it does their juniors, so many of whom, taken up with sport and speed, are coming hardly to mind how, when, and what they eat. A quick lunch at a cafeteria on the Boulevards will do in the room of those ample déjeuner delights of yore when the soul of a people spoke.

In this drastic period change can attack countries in widely different ways. Thus, if it assails Paris in the gastronomics, and not so much London, conversely, London has lost the countryside and Paris has not. The immediate surroundings of Paris may be bungaloid and ribbony and garish and sometimes ghastly, but England will fit four times into France, and with population very little more in the latter land, and motor-cars about the same, the gain of France is obvious and overwhelming. One can still get clean out into the relatively uninhabited country-side in most directions.

BENOIT COQUELIN

FRANÇOIS COPPEE

Four of the dominant figures of the early nineteen indelibly on the life of their time and so embellished the of such figures to-day there are few—or none; we are, our notables

EMPTY CHAIRS rather than the "empty glasses" of Omar Khàyyam are symbolic of the moderns, for the Old Brigade claims, with more than an element of truth, that repose has no place in the life of 1932

THE SPACIOUS DAYS: A moment in the Champs Elysées when Edward VII was on the English throne and M. Fallières was at the Elysée; when leisure and not pace was the ideal of the age; when the picture hat, the lorgnette—and the chair!—came into their own—but when fantastic fashion for old and young made life a burden

A HUMAN LINK WITH MANY AGES: Mme Lecière who has sold newspapers in Montmartre for more than fifty years and has exceeded the "four score years" of the Psalmist by three. She has her heart in the old days, her head in modernity

-PARISES: AND TUOHY

The Leisurely Capital of 1906 Accuses, and is Answered by, the Whirlwind City of 1932

Such a plus side passes unnoticed, however, among our mourners whose reverie of the day when happiness was easy, when all existence was fashioned to their usage, assumes a high degree of wistfulness when famous characters are re-conjured.

Where are their like to-day? Two newspaper features have long endured. "Paris qui s'en va"

PIERRE LOTI

EDMOND ROSTAND

hundreds; personalities which impressed themselves age that it stands in history and memory as *their* age; say the Old Brigade, an era of anonymities, so swiftly do pass by

PERPETUAL MOTION is the god of the present age; it is, perhaps, only typical that the god does not exist! Nevertheless from the 1932 vintage transport one obtains a superb view of the great buildings of yesterday

EVEN LETTER-BOXES ARE MODERN: The modern craze for speed has become such an obsession that the old *multum in parvo* letter-box is *démodé;* minutes must be saved by posting letters destined for different areas in different slots

depicting the relentless removal of old corners and prospects. "Ceux qui s'en vont" reporting this mortal passing. Dual obituary numbers showing both are now appearing, one publication printing photographs of a dozen surviving personalities of a generation ago, as they were then, and offering £300 in prize money to such as should correctly name them. Other re-creations are those of the famous and gone in their especial settings—François Coppée taking his amer picon in the little Café des Vosges—Courteline sipping milk in the Napolitain and drawing Catulle Mendès on —Pierre Loti receiving dressed as a Turk with every ribbon under the rainbow—Prince Troubetzkoi of the tiniest feet mincing up the rue de Castiglione—Louise Abbema, Sarah's friend, taking her morning vermouth at the Crucifix where now stands Ciro's—what an age of women it was—Séverine and Colette and de Noailles and Tinayre and Delarue-Madrus and Gérard d'Houville—not to mention Liane de Pougy (who recently tried Deauville, wept, and ran) and la belle Otéro and Emilienne d'Alençon of startling habits and Cléo de Mérode who they said had no ears because of that coiffure she started.

Coquelin, Sarah, Réjane, Rostand, France, Rodin, Monet, Arthur Meyer, Claretie, Bataille, Guillaume Apollinaire and Marie Laurencin, Willy and Colette and Polaire arm-in-arm, Gyp, Matisse, Moréas and Paul Fort come over from the Closerie to argue at the Calisaya instead, Mounet-Sully, Jean Lorrain, Montesquiou, La Vallière, Lantelme who fell into the Rhine from a houseboat, Mirbeau, Déroulède of la révanche, Brieux, Massenet, St. Saëns, Charpentier, Debussy, Guitry, Forain, Fragson, Footit, Paulus, Carolus-Duran, Sem, Boni, Richepin, Paul Adam, Worth, and even old man Chauchard of the Louvre who so liked paintings of nymphs and soldiers . . . what a company, and, again, where are their like to-day!

Instead, behold chiefly a lot of cinema stars who'll be dead in a day or a week!

Meeting hurriedly in bars to talk shop.

Confessedly, it would be extremely difficult to match such a list as the above from Paris in 1932 for all your Printemps and Sachas, Chevaliers and Borotras. The levelling process has gone too far, and the requisite time and surroundings for such figures to flourish are no longer available. Moreover, "le high life" in Paris has become too internationalized. This fact comes out well in a comparison of the two Presses. Having no international conferences then (or very rarely), no "grandes reportages" far away, no perpetual daily interest in the wider world, the newspapers of Loubet's day were able to concentrate on internal politics and "mondanités," feuilletons, and the theatre and criticism and the races and on Parisian life generally, with resultant drawing together of the city into a more definite character than it represents to-day. A dozen then journals are dead.

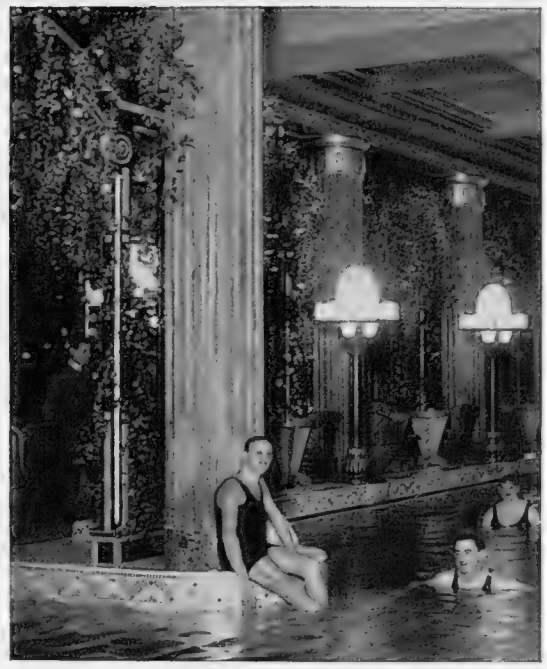
Why, you may ask, do they harken back particularly to 1900–6? Well, they had just come out of the wood from Panama and Dreyfus and Fashoda and Félix Faure and were being borne forward on the strength of the great Exhibition, which saw the Eiffel Tower arise, into the *Entente Cordiale*, with Russia standing by.

Things seemed safer than ever, if they could be possible. The Bourse was as safe as houses. Verily had one time to think of other things than how to meet one's next taxation. There was colour in life. Where to-day are the equal of the Longchamp review or of the coaching return from the Chantilly Prix des Drags? Or the Avenue des Acacias, with its lovely teams, on a fine Spring morning? To-day people do more. But less well. A less febrile time permitted greater extending of one's enjoyment, and of nothing more than that "surluxe," a great passion. No time for a great passion now! Rather from flower to flower.

It is all highly controversial. The Forties-and-Over sigh for a chair on the Boulevard where once they sipped their real absinthe in a calm interrupted chiefly by the passage of three-horse Imperial 'buses. The new generation retort that such was unhygienic and much better spend the time biffing at things in a gymnasium.

The liberal professions deplore the decadence of such places as the Napolitain where one could go in any evening and see Mendès and La Jeunesse in heated argument over an idea. Much more practical, says 1932, to talk motor-cars in a bar in the Champs Elysées.

The pre-war brigade recoil in horror from the architectural mess the centre of Paris has become—a succession of shrieking cinemas and hideous hoardings punctuated by banks which were once favourite cafés, and by quick-lunch counters which once were reasonable and intimate "vin compris" little restaurants. And perhaps here the post-warites have no answer



THE LIDO OF PARIS is symptomatic of the amorphous luxury that permeates modern life. The bathing pool is growing in popularity and may be taken to be a point in favour of to-day against the bathless yesterday

better than that the centre of a great city must needs be sacrificed to the driving needs of a capital's daily tussle. If nerves go under from the boiling din and the headachy exhaust fumes, there is swift enough escape without the razed fortifications.

The opera is dead, the theatres are mostly moribund, and with them the season is gradually being submerged, too, comes the lament. "Why sit in stuffy playhouses?" answers back Paris-Now. "Why not a healthy Jeff Dickson night at the Palais des Sports? Besides, cinema first nights are coming on."

"You are all dressed alike—particularly the men—dressed for slothful comfort not elegance—everything tailorized, standardized," proceeds Paris—Then. "Of all the absurd, unhealthy notions, the dressing of thirty years ago!" emphasizes 1932. "Look at the pictures!"

[In point of fact, Chanel, in mid-war, with short skirt and jersey, seems to have heralded the new era in fashion.]

"What a louis d'or could purchase!" sigh on the Forties-and-Over. "It's mainly your fault if it doesn't do so still!" retort the War inheritors.

"*Your* Salon is the Motor Salon. . . ."

So the see-saw prevails. Even to the goatherds driven from the streets, and the cutting down of the Fair booths, and the cessation of the old street cries, the litany is complete. Apparently even crimes were better then. Syveton, Steinheil, Bonnot!

Paris-Then insists upon the respect and obedience which emanated from continuity and certainty and upon the baleful effect of paper money compared with solid, ringing gold which made one think.

"And you were bored stiff half the time if you'll only remember and admit it," hits back Paris-Now. "Ennui was your blight."

But two cafés surviving in their old form, Maxim's and Weber!

"Go and try sitting in them now and see how bright and happy you'll be!" comes back in cruel truth.

"One has to be a millionaire to dine out or even to look in for one's shellfish and Chablis," mourns Paris-Then. "Paris used to be arranged for an enjoyment of the senses within one's purse. Voisin's is closed, and a dozen more temples. Paillard's (height of penetration en famille prior to the young ladies being driven home and the older members of the party going on to

(Continued on p. 182)

A LITTLE SHOPPING was the task that absorbed Madame or Mademoiselle for the afternoon twenty-five years ago, shopping effected, probably, at the Magasin du Louvre. To-day, such purchases are effected between a luncheon party and a *thé dansant* or the latter and a cocktail party—with no diminution of ultimate chic!

THE ART OF DEVON:

NAPOLEON ON THE "BELLEROPHON". by SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE, P.R.A. (1793–1865)
(Lent by Lord Clinton)

CAPTAIN PETER HAWKER, D.L. (1786–1855) by JAMES NORTHCOTE (1746–1831)
(Lent by Messrs. M. Knoedler and Co. Inc.)

A CARICATURE GROUP IN FLORENCE by THOMAS PATCH (1720–1772)
(Lent by the Duchess of Roxburghe)

FRANCES, COUNTESS OF CLERMONT by SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. (1723–1792)
(Lent by Earl Fortescue)

ARTISTS OF DEVON

Nicholas Hilliard (Exeter) - 1547-1619
William Gandy (? Plymouth) - 1729
Thomas Hudson (Devonshire) 1701-1779
Francis Hayman, R.A. (Exeter) 1708-1776
Thomas Patch (Devonshire) C. 1720-C. 1772
Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. (Plympton) 1723-1792
William Jackson (Exeter) - 1730-1803
Richard Cosway, R.A. (Tiverton) 1740-1821
Francis Towne (connected with Exeter) 1740-1816
Ozias Humphry, R.A. (Honiton) 1742-1810
Richard Crosse (Knowle, Cullompton) 1745-1810
William Payne (probably Plymouth) Dates unknown
James Northcote, R.A. (Devonport) 1746-1831

THE MOUTH OF THE EXE FROM WOODBURY COMMON
(Lent by Mr. Robert Worthington)
by
WILLIAM TRAIES (1789–1872)
A hitherto unrecognized landscape painter of outstanding merit

On left—
SIR STAFFORD HENRY NORTHCOTE (1762–1851)
(Lent by Lady Rosalind Northcote)
by
JAMES NORTHCOTE, R.A. (1746–1831)

In considering the history of British Painting it is of great interest to note from what parts of the country came the chief contributions to the art. The most important is undoubtedly East Anglia, where, in Suffolk, were born Gainsborough and Constable, and in Norfolk arose the great Norwich School. Of almost equal importance we may well place Devonshire, and this fact has hitherto received insufficient recognition. We have but to remember such names as Hilliard, Reynolds, Northcote, Cosway, Ozias Humphry, Patch, Hayman, Hudson, Prout, and Downman, to realise the great claim of the county as an upholder of the tradition of British Art. Turner cannot, alas, be added to the list of Devonians. His father was a Devon man, but the great painter himself was born in London.

That queer personality, Thomas Patch, was technically in many phases almost a mirror to Reynolds; so much so, that some of his work has been confused with that of Reynolds.

Apart from Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney amongst portrait painters we can well be proud of Cosway and Ozias Humphry, who, essentially miniature painters, produced portraits of larger dimensions which will bear honourable comparison with most of their contemporaries. And, further, the magnificent series of portraits by Northcote exhibited here prove him to have been a painter who fell little short of the highest in this branch.

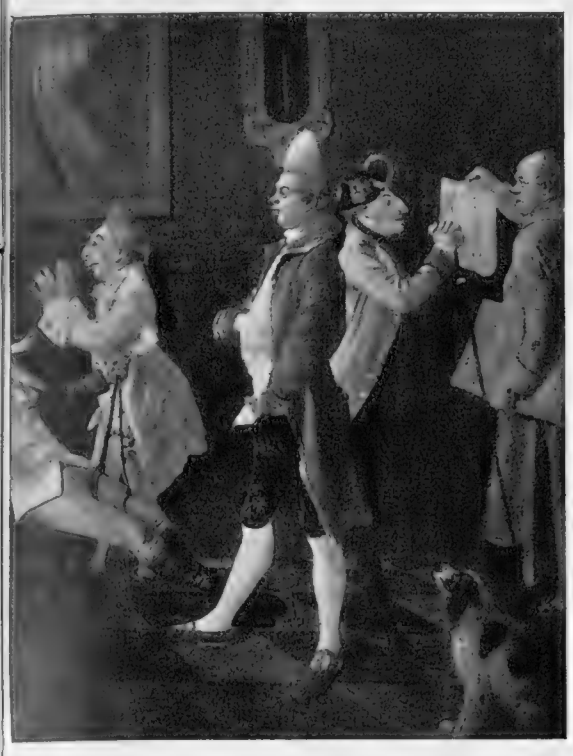
THE PIAZZA SIGNORIA IN FLORENCE
(Lent by Mary, Countess of Ilchester)

Then the calm and Bellotoesque "Piazza Signoria, Florence," by Patch is a revelation of an unusual side of his temperament. Indeed the exhibition abounds in surprises of this nature.

Turning to the water-colour painters, Francis Towne, to whom justice was first adequately rendered by Mr. A. P. Oppé, in his article published by the Walpole Society in 1920, is represented by a brilliant series of water-colours and two oil-paintings, which justifiably raise him to a high place among the landscape painters of the time.

An attempt has been made to emphasize the less-known moods of such artists as Cosway,

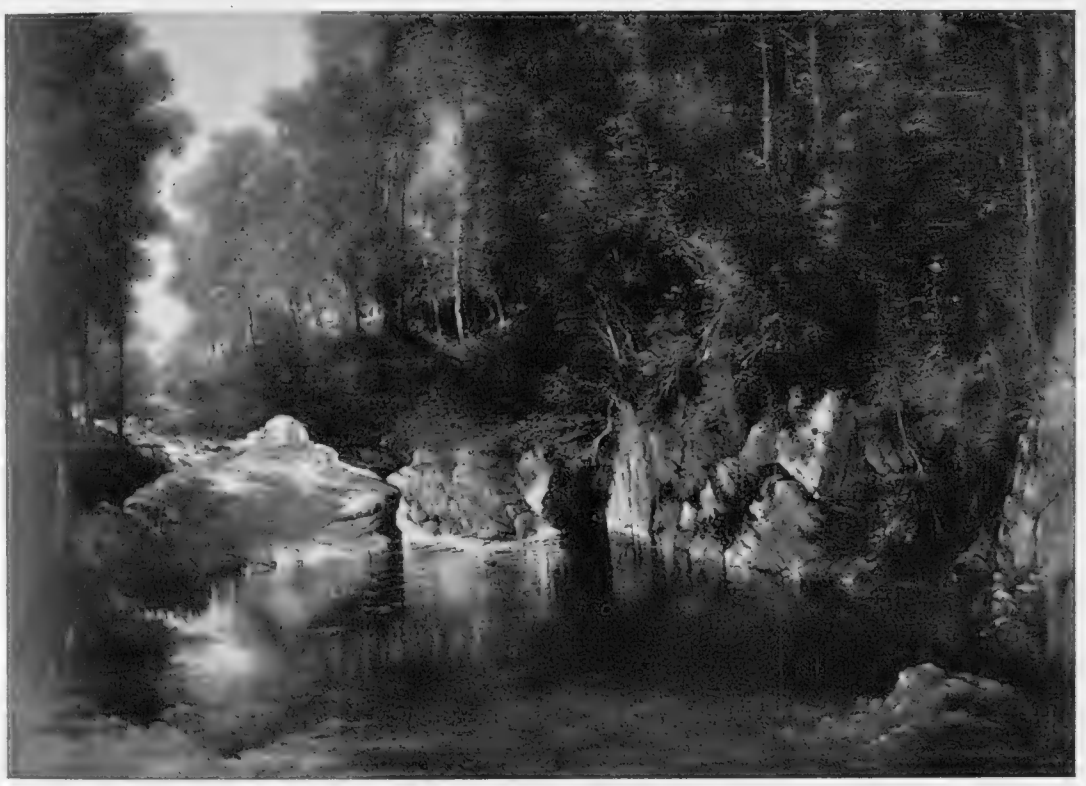
Gems from the Loan Collection of Works by Early Devon Painters on View in the Royal Albert Memorial Museum and Art Gallery, Exeter



Zoffany is showing a drawing to the Hon. Fellon Harvey; the third Duke of Roxburghe, Mr. Wilbraham, Sir John Dick, and Patch himself are others in the group

PORTRAIT OF THE PAINTER'S MOTHER by RICHARD CROSSE (1745–1810)
(Lent by Mrs. Crosse Crosse)

LADY CATHERINE PARKER by THOMAS HUDSON (1701–1779)
(Lent by the Earl of Morley)



THE LADIES COURTENAY by RICHARD COSWAY, R.A. (1740–1821)
(Lent by the Earl of Devon)

THOMAS PATCH (1720–1772)

ON THE BRENT
(Lent by Sir F. D. Acland, Bart.)
by JOHN GENDALL (1790–1865)
This artist has received with Traies his first public recognition

On right—
AN EAST INDIAMAN ASHORE
(Lent by the Whitworth Art Gallery, Manchester)
by SAMUEL PROUT (1783–1852)

Ozias Humphry, Crosse, and Samuel Prout.

Mention must also be made of the marine painter, too little known and appreciated outside Devonshire—Thomas Luny. In him we have an anglicized version of Van de Velde and Backhuizen in the interpretation of the sea. Other aspects of his talent, well worthy of attention, are also to be found on the walls.

The interesting struggle between Classicism and Romanticism, which dominated art in the first half of the nineteenth century, is echoed in this exhibition. The bellicose Benjamin Robert Haydon, turbulent and quarrelsome, ever in conflict with the Royal Academy, who had unconsciously espoused the cause of Romanticism without, perhaps, adequate powers of expression, and, above all, control, we see foiled by Eastlake, firmly wedded to Classicism. For in Eastlake's early pictures, such as the "Napoleon" and the "Portrait of Christopher Childs," both included in the exhibition, he manifests a quality of line and a selection of essentials absent in his later work. He is apparently dominated by the tendencies of which Ingres became the leading protagonist, which perhaps affords a key to his predilections when, later, he became Director of the National Gallery. In the two interesting paintings of Rome the affinity with the early work of Corot should be noted.

An interesting academic painter of the mid-nineteenth century is F. R. Lee. He is unequal, but at his best an interesting and sincere artist.

Finally we must refer to the two purely local surprises of the show, William Traies and John Gendall. These painters, born when Classicism and Romanticism came into direct conflict, profited to the maximum from both traditions. They realized the virtues and merits of each attitude towards the interpretation of the natural scenery by which they were surrounded and merit wider recognition.

PERCY MOORE TURNER

ARTISTS OF DEVON

John Downman, A.R.A. (Devonshire)	1750-1824
Thomas Luny (connected with Teignmouth)	1758-1837
John White Abbott (Exeter)	1763-1851
James Leakey (Exeter)	1775-1865
Ambrose Bowdon Johns (Plymouth)	1776-1858
Samuel Prout (Plymouth)	1783-1852
Benjamin Robert Haydon (Plymouth)	1786-1846
William Traies (Crediton)	1789-1872
John Gendall (Exeter)	1790-1865
Sir Charles Lock Eastlake, P.R.A. (Plymouth)	1793-1865
Mary Palmer (great niece of Sir Joshua Reynolds, born in Lincoln)	1795-1860
Frederick Richard Lee, R.A. (Barnstaple)	1799-1880
Nicholas Condy (Plymouth)	1799-1851

MR. DAVE APOLLON who created a record at the Palladium, in length of turn—40 minutes. He and his orchestra of seven and two dancers draw £700 per week

NON-STOP VARIETY—LOND

Has It Come to Stay? Or in the Words of the Insurance World—Is it a Good Life? The Present Situation Examined

By CHARLES GRAVES

Only the success of the talkies, from which it is the immediate reaction, can equal the present craze for variety. Every week it is claiming new victims from cinemas and theatres alike. Daly's began Variety last week. Next Monday the Olympic Cinema at Leicester Square becomes a music hall. Other recent converts are the Prince of Wales's, the Windmill (which started the movement), the Grafton, and the London Pavilion. Each of them is crowded, and yet there are no empty seats at the Palladium, the Victoria Palace, the Holborn Empire, or any of the other regular music-halls. It is all a sign of the times. The public is getting tired of the synthetic and the slow. What it craves is something new, fast, and funny. And that is what the ideal new type music-hall programme supplies, being the exact opposite of gangster films and highbrow plays.

Five years ago variety artistes were wondering sadly why they had been born. Music-hall after music-hall was being turned into cinema. To-day the reverse is taking place. If you call on a music-hall agent you will find artistes parked in every room, and the chances are that each of them will be booked. The fact is that at the moment even moderately good music-hall artistes are in the glorious position of finding that the demand for them is greater than the supply. For every week there are seven music halls in London which require ten acts, two that need twelve, one that needs fifteen, and one that needs eleven, and the latter is the premier music-hall of the world—I refer to the Palladium.

In addition, there are thirty other cinemas and music-halls which require 190 good acts a week, together with smaller places which need another 130 acts. Roughly speaking, therefore, there are 520 acts needed every week from top-liners to fill-in acts, which means that there are exactly enough acts in the country for a music-hall needing ten acts a week to have an entire change of programme every week in the year. On the other hand, at least half these acts would never do for the West End, and only a sixth of them would be booked by the Palladium.

Imagine what a life it must be to compile a modern music-hall programme. It is the general rule never to have one act for more than four weeks at the most. It is another rule never to have an act reappearing in less than eighteen weeks. No wonder that Mr. George Black of the Palladium has representatives or "scouts" who are stationed all over the world, and whose business it is to cable him whenever a good new act appears on the scene. Hamburg, New York, Naples, Berlin, all have their resident scouts, and so do many of the smaller towns. There are seventy of them who report to Mr. Black alone.

On the top of that all the variety agents have sub-agents who "give them the wire." Henry Sherek, one of the most successful of the modern type of variety agent found Rastelli, the world's greatest juggler, in a tent in a circus in Milan ten years ago. The contract was signed with lions and tigers roaring all round on a table that joggled on the rough surface of the field on which the circus was camped. Poor Rastelli died recently. I do not know how much money he left, but in America he was earning £1,000 a week for a long time before his death, which compared favourably with the handful of lire he was getting before some intelligent sub-agent informed Mr. Sherek. Another feather in Mr. Sherek's capacious hat is the discovery of Burns and Allen. His American sub-agent cabled that she thought them good. Mr. Sherek looked them over, signed them on, got them a job at £100 a week at the Palladium, and look at them now! They are getting about £1,200 a week in America. This is incidentally a proof of the importance of the Palladium. Their success here made them top-liners in the United States, just as Fred and Adele Astaire's dancing and fooling in *Stop Flirting* at the Shaftesbury Theatre sent them back to New York with reputations that soon became completely international.

The highest-paid music-hall act in this country is a woman, Miss Gracie Fields. She can get £750 a week. But then she is one of the handful of acts which really draw the town. The others are Jack Hylton and his band, Jack Payne and his band, Layton and Johnstone (who are the second most highly paid act), Nervo and Knox, George Robey, Harry Lauder, George Clarke, and Will Hay. You will notice that these are all talking acts. "No dumb act ever drew a penny into the box office in England," I was told by one of the most important men in the whole industry. A case in point was Rastelli, who never got more than £80 a week in London, and even then was not worth the money. I have already told you what he got in New York.

The experts divide acts up into four—speciality acts, comedy acts, women, and front cloth comedians. The chief difficulty is to find good new comedy acts, chiefly because the people who used to write the songs and sketches for the music-halls have found that they can get more money writing for the talkies or composing cheap ballads and foxtrots, with their attendant gramophone royalties. Speciality acts are to be had by the dozen but they can be incredibly poor. Most of them started in the circus, such as the jugglers and the acrobats. The song-and-dance acts usually originate from clubs and smoking concerts.

Every music-hall programme demands at least two front-cloth comedians, and it is around them and a big novelty act, such as Louis Armstrong, the world's finest cornet player who has had such a success at the Palladium, that the programme is built up. At the Palladium more than £3,500 has to be taken each week before there is a penny of profit, and more than half of this goes in the salaries of the artistes. £1,800 is the average figure, but if Mr. Val Parnell and Mr. George Black decide that even when they have reached this figure the programme is not "standard," they may spend another £200.

Mr. Val Parnell, the man who is responsible for making up the programme, is perhaps the most interesting personality in the business. Every week, with the aid of his assistant, Miss Williams, he has to make up sixteen different music-hall programmes, from the Alhambra in Paris to the Holborn Empire. Some of the acts at the Palladium this week were booked over a year ago. Others were hired only last week.

It is an extremely scientific and extremely important part of vaudeville—this compilation of programmes. At the Palladium alone the cost of artistes' salaries is between £80,000 and £100,000 a year, and the audience is a very wise, very regular one, which is 80 per cent. the same every week, so the novelties are always needed. I am emphasizing this particular hall because the new high-speed variety brought in by Mr. George Clarke four years ago was the turning point of English variety, and even then variety as a whole took a long time to turn.

The Palladium to-day is such a success that Mr. Parnell can afford to see that all the padding is cut out of every act. An eighteen minute act will be cut to twelve minutes, for example. Other music-halls for whom time is a factor in their pay roll might allow it to run into twenty minutes. The average length of a turn at the Palladium is between ten and twelve minutes. The shortest is eight, and the longest on record was the forty-two-minutes of Dave Apollon with his orchestra of two Mexicans and seven Filipinos, who next week are earning their £700 a week at the London Pavilion. Dave Apollon is an absolute newcomer to this country, but he has jumped into instantaneous success, and may well become a permanency. In the circumstances I have picked him as an example of the new type of variety act.

TO "AUDIT" OR NOT TO "AUDIT": A prospective "act" considers her chances outside the theatre booked for audition

Dave Apollon is a Russian who played his mandolin across Siberia all by himself to China, and from there to the Philippines. He then played his way back to China, and then played it over to the United States, where he appeared in a musical sketch. Saving up his money, he started a small act of four people. So far, he had only shown the public that he could play the mandolin. Little by little he showed that he could play the piano, could dance, and finally be funny.

THE TEST: Mr. Lucien Sammett (the producer), Mr. Edward Pola (the author), Mr. Harold Brewer (the musical conductor), and other officials, the stage manager, etc, consider with "hard-boiled" care the potentialities of an act played in cold blood and an empty theatre—one of the most depressing of mortal ordeals for artists and judges alike

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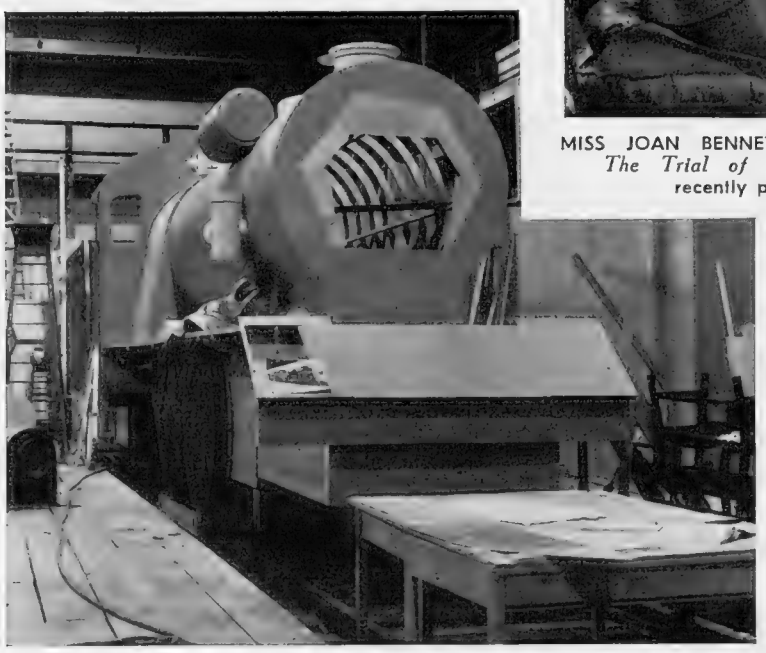
SCREEN EVENTS

WEDDING REHEARSAL: Miss Joan Gardner and Miss Wendy Barrie as the Roxbury twins in the new London Film Production presentation

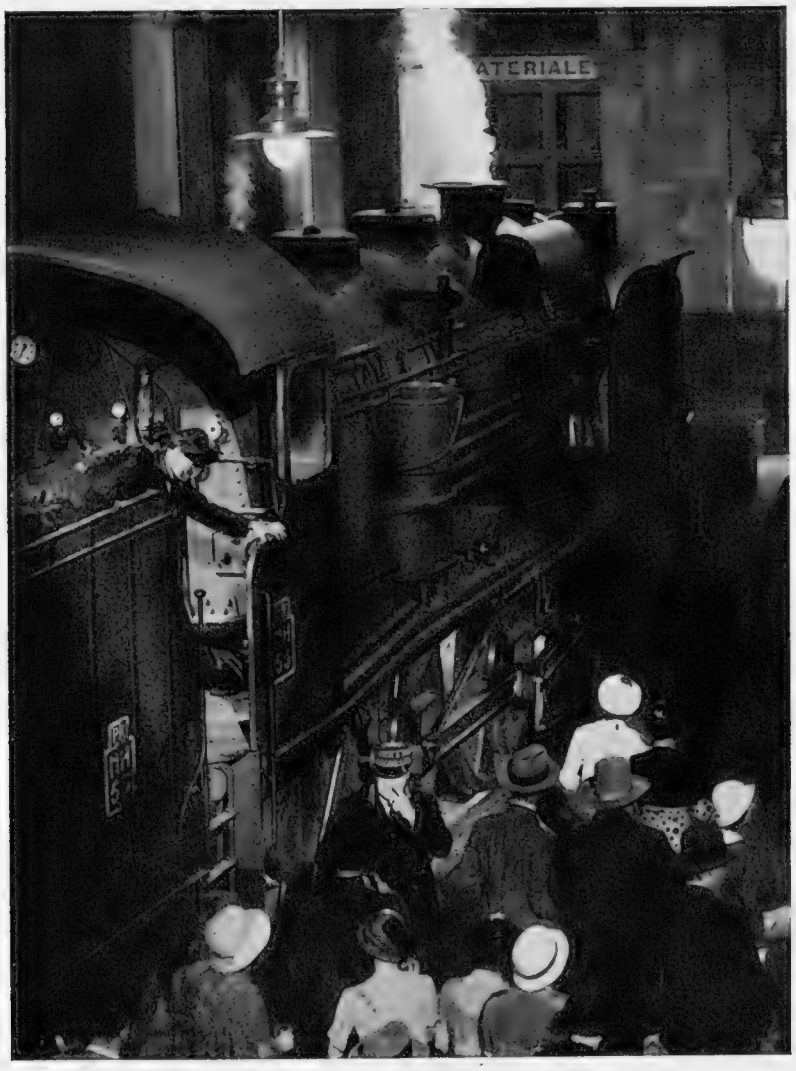
MISS JOAN BENNETT, the sister of Constance in *The Trial of Vivienne Ware* which was recently presented at the Regal

WRONG NUMBERS! Mr. Maurice Elvey and Miss Elizabeth Allen are given telephonic instruction in the production of *The Lodger*



ROME EXPRESS: Building the engine in the studio at Shepherd's Bush which figures largely in the notable film now under production by the Gaumont Company. The cast is all-star, headed by Miss Esther Ralston

ROME EXPRESS: Mr. Walter Forde, the director, rehearsing a scene. On the left is the rail along which the camera will run for a "track shot." The carriages are so constructed as to take camera lights inside them



CONTINENTAL ATMOSPHERE for *Rome Express* was provided by the engagement of French and Italian "extras," the voluble Latinity of whose performance under the skilful hands of Mr. Forde recreate with vividness the actualities of the Gare de Lyon of Paris

A STATION IN A STUDIO: The Paris terminus of the Rome Express—the train which gives its name to the forthcoming production—recreated in the Gaumont Studios at Shepherd's Bush. This new talkie, directed by Walter Forde and played by an all-star cast, bids fair to set a new British high-water mark

BOOKS: Five Studies in Failure Masquerading as Success: A Straightforward Mystery Story: Casanova Abridged: Bess: A Gastronomic Peter Jackson

By CECIL ROBERTS

If you are one of those readers who can enjoy a book solely for the brilliance of the writing and are not greatly perturbed by the probability of its accuracy, then I can think of nothing more enjoyable than Mr. Shane Leslie's *Studies in Sublime Failure* (Benn. 15s.). It is composed of five biographical studies of Cardinal Newman, Charles Stewart Parnell, Coventry Patmore, Lord Curzon, and Moreton Frewen. The last name would have been utterly strange to me six months ago. He was a figure right outside my generation and time. And now, most curiously, he has twice come into my knowledge.

MR. SHANE LESLIE, whose *Studies in Sublime Failure*—Curzon, Parnell, Newman, Patmore, and Frewen—is reviewed on this page

For the last six months I have been engaged on the most formidable task I have ever tackled, namely, the writing of the life of a man recently dead. I did not quite realize all that I had reluctantly undertaken to do. It is easier to write the life of a man who has been dead 1,000 years. Practically all that is known of him has come to light and there is no living acquaintance or relation who can contradict you in your delineation of his character. A man dead 100 years is also an easy subject for biography. The whole facts may not be known, as in the case of Byron and the famous incest charge, but you stand equal with any other biographer. The enormous sifting of evidence has been done by predecessors. The available documents are all in print. There are other authorities to refer to, to quote from, to be warned or guided by. There is no such help for the biographer of a man recently dead.

And the drudgery that any conscientious undertaking of the task involves! It may have taken your subject seventy-five years to have lived his life. You have to grow familiar with every detail and live his life over again in your own consciousness, and all within a space of time that is one-seventieth of that he took. Then there are boxes and boxes of letters on obscure, trivial, puzzling, and yet, perhaps, extremely important matters. You struggle with a thousand different styles of handwriting, with cryptic allusions, with unknown names, events, and places.

"I have a Sealyham," wrote a Duchess. But why should the Duchess want a famous surgeon to look at her Sealyham; surely it was a job for a veterinary surgeon and not the most famous appendix extractor of his age? The letter is submitted to a jury of friends, all baffled in turn. An eccentric Duchess? Then one night, when thunder-rain pattering on the leaves of the syringa bush kept one awake, the solution came from nowhere. "I have a sore throat," was what the Duchess wrote in her baffling script.

In addition to letters there are enormous scrapbooks pasted up, old far-off events, programmes, admission tickets to banquets, Royal enclosures, and State funerals. Some kind of order must be established among this corroborative detail. Then follow fifty-two personal diaries, all written in a minute hand, of brief and cryptic entries, merging intimate domestic matters with facts that belong to contemporary history.

One of these entries puzzled me. There were many meetings, held at the different seats of leaders of Society concerning a mysterious enterprise called the Electrozone Company. What could it be? There was an official banquet at Maidenhead. A Mr. Moreton Frewen was much on the scene. Who was Mr. Frewen, and what was Electrozone? By one of those extraordinary coincidences that belong to life, and are not condoned in fiction, Mr. Shane Leslie's book answered the riddle. He has a brief biography of Moreton Frewen. He explains Frewen's interest in, and the nature of, Electrozone.

The society interests are explained by the fact that Frewen was Randolph Churchill's brother-in-law. Electrozone was a harsh-smelling disinfectant made by electric currents playing on sea water. It could be, in turn, a bath-dressing, a sauce, a salve for horses, and a dentifrice. But the chemists refused to sell the stuff, although long after, in another guise, it became the deodorant of the age. As always the case with ill-fated Moreton Frewen, the scheme came to nothing. He passed on to another, and something like his twentieth enterprise.

Frewen was, indeed, a splendid failure. He was dogged by monstrous bad luck. He possessed an enormous cattle ranch in Wyoming, but he was too early in the field. He purified the finances of Hyderabad, and discovered Rudyard Kipling. He dazzled the mining world with a new gold-crusher, which crushed him in turn, he sold for nothing a share of Broken Hill, missed a fortune, and busied himself with bringing Siberian timber to England. After that Texas, sulphides, and bimetallism engaged his attention. Bimetallism remained the ruling passion of his life, though there was a time when he missed a fortune from his pioneer exploitation of Kenya, and Prince Rupert, on Pacific. He was involved over this last with a fight to the death with a shifty president of the Grand Trunk, Hays who, just as he was about to sign his defeat, cheated Frewen by going down in the *Titanic*.

Everything he touched withered and began to blossom again when he had passed on. Kipling wrote of him, "He lived in every sense except what is called the common sense, very richly and widely, to his own extreme content. If he had ever reached the golden crock of his dreams he would have perished."

The most brilliant of these studies is the one of Curzon. I should hesitate to call the splendid marquis a splendid failure. Perhaps he was in his own eyes, since the Premiership eluded his grasp. But he was the last great Viceroy of India, upon which he set his mark, and he triumphantly touched and adorned a dozen spheres of interest. Arrogant, a martyr in an iron corset all his life, he had courage and imagination, and swayed between extreme meanness and generosity. Mr. Leslie draws a little known picture of the affection existing between Oscar Browning and the boy Curzon at Eton, which drew down the enmity of Hornby. The episode does honour to Browning and Curzon alike. At the height of his splendour Curzon invited Browning to an honoured place in his Durbar.

A SUBLIME FAILURE: Mr. Moreton Frewen, an essay on whose fantastically failed existence is considered at length on this page

There is a brilliance of phrase in Mr. Leslie's style which, remembering Lytton Strachey's gift of betraying the reader and the truth, makes me distrustful even while I admire. Of Balfour he says, "He touched nothing superficially in life except golf-greens." It is a good sentence but true neither about Balfour nor his golf. There were popinjays in Curzon's coat-of-arms, and a Jewish grandmother in his blood inheritance. Kitchener, in the historic duel between them, emerges a "swashbuckler." "Curzon took wonderful care never to disagree with Lloyd George in the Cabinet. He felt little awe for one who was wicked as well as plebeian," says Mr. Leslie. "He could take larger views than any member of the Cabinet, yet there was no domestic detail he would not supervise. He chose the books for each guest's room, and if a volume was missing, there was an angry enquiry followed by correspondence. He dusted his own china and shook out his carpets, because it was waste of time to explain to his servants what he wanted."

Reading the short biography of Cardinal Newman I am again unable to understand what all the fuss was about, and whether it mattered an iota. And I am grateful to Mr. Shane Leslie for his courage in confessing that the much-vaunted *Apologia* excused white lies, was written in prodigious haste, and has errors in grammar. I had always suspected this, but I am suspicious of all writers "with a beautiful prose style." They are invariably empty humbugs; a writer should have something more than his style to commend him, and there should be nothing remarkable in the fact that a writer can write.

Coventry Patmore, too, enjoyed an inflated reputation on the strength of one wearisome poem extolling domestic virtues. The man himself was more vital than his muse. He was unique in that he stuck pins into Tennyson when that bard was unbearably inflated about his *afflatus*. Patmore sang *The Angel in the House*, but he married three.

This is, indeed, a brilliant book. Mr. Leslie has a scintillating style, a command of contemporary history, and a mischievous sense of humour. I find the combination irresistible. As for justice. Well our Law Courts have given us a recent example of the strange vagaries of that.

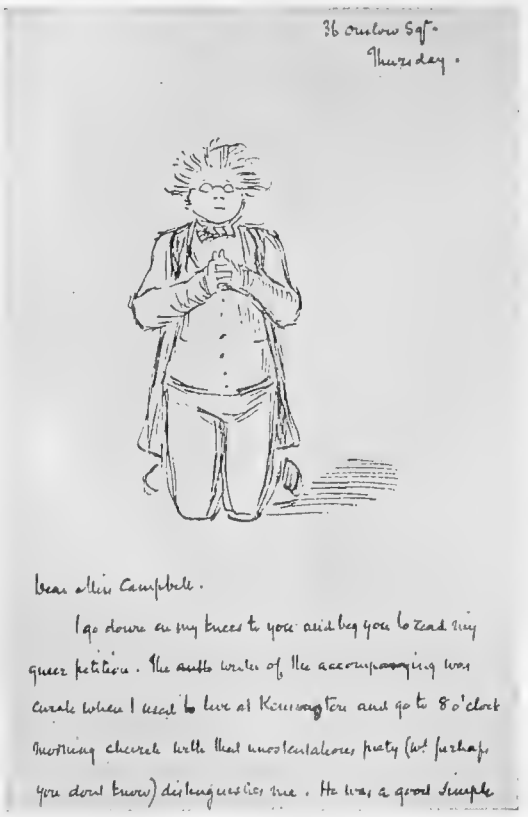
C. P. Snow has given us a straightforward mystery story in *Death Under Sail* (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net). There are no wildly-drawn deductions, no stretching of the reader's credulity. The owner of a boat on the Broads is found shot at the tiller. It seems obvious that one of his guests must be the murderer. There are stock characters, the amateur detective, the crude policeman, but the dialogue never loses reality. And if I guessed the solution from the beginning it is because I am a sophisticated reviewer and cannot be taken in by a distinguished scientist who turns from his test tube to a typewriter. Finbow is a delightful creation.

How often while sitting in the Piazza San Marco at that delightful hour when the sunset gilds the angel on the top of the Campanile, and the façade of the Cathedral glimmers in rose and grey, my thoughts have turned to that adventurer, Casanova. Shameless, shifty, yet he had courage, a zest of life, and considerable scholarship. It was a tragedy for his reputation that he could not have made an exit as spectacular and heroic as that other Venetian adventurer, Byron. But he was doomed to the long littleness of life, and ended as a librarian in a Bohemian Schloss.

Here is an abridged edition of Casanova's *My Life and Adventures*. The French full edition is long, wearisomely so, even this abridged edition is a thousand pages long, but it has been well cut by Mr. Arthur Machen. Casanova, despite the ludicrous if gorgeous version of the man that is now appearing at the Coliseum, was more of a blackguard than a lover, but he is so engaging a blackguard, so courtly, and scholarly, and so good a teller of a story, as witness that marvellous account of his escape from the Leads, that one forgives him, and feels that one would have been captivated, as his contemporaries were, by his company. This volume published by Joiner and Steel, Ltd., at 8s. 6d., is a miracle of cheapness.

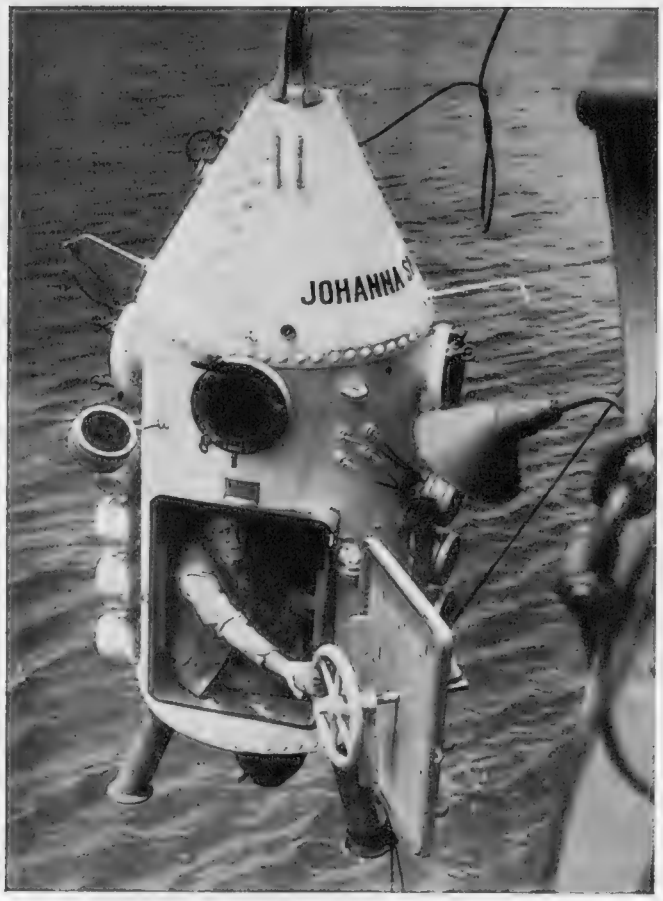
Messrs. Faber and Faber have added a volume on *Queen Elizabeth*, by Mona Wilson, to their five shilling series of monographs. This does not attempt to be more than an outline of the life story of the queen, but it is interesting to read it in conjunction with Lytton Strachey's study, with its embroideries. Miss Wilson has studiously avoided brilliance. It is that rare thing—a biography without an epigram.

I see that Mr. Gilbert Frankau has developed a favourite character to share the honours with Peter Jackson. I am wondering, since Peter Jackson went out of fiction into a real shop in the West End, whether Guiseppe, who keeps a restaurant, and narrates stories of his customers, will follow suit and open up in Soho, with Mr. Frankau as chief customer. For the latter is an able chef and knows how to serve up a short story with a deft hand. Here is a collection, *Wine, Women, and Waiters* (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.). There are nineteen of them, half quite incredible to my mind, but all well told and ceaselessly entertaining.



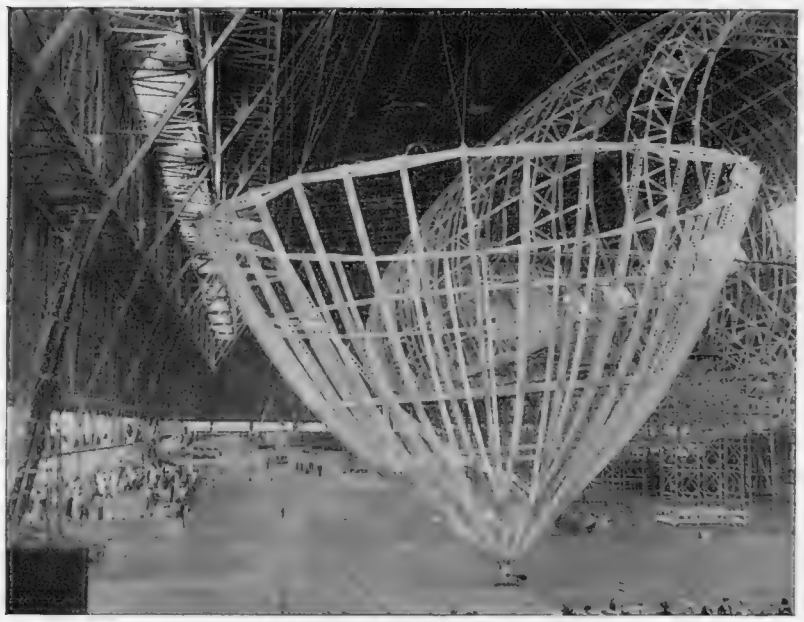
A THACKERAY RELIC: The amusing note to Miss Campbell asking for her interest on behalf of a clerical friend of the writer's, with her father, the L.C.J.—sold at Sotheby's last Monday

MECHANICAL NEWS

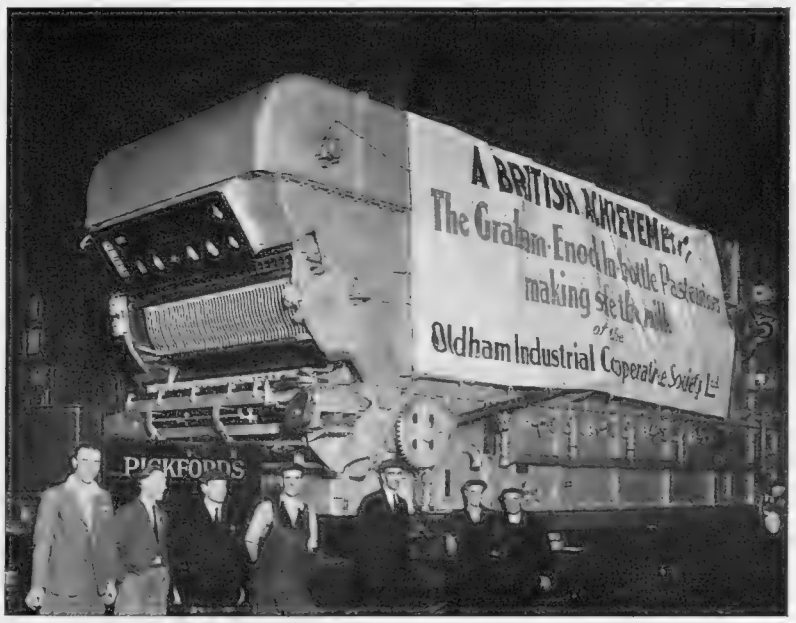


A TRIP TO THE OCEAN BED is the latest "stunt" off the South California Coast. A diving bell (Captain William Lindley) capable of staying down for sixty hours has been installed on board the *Johanna Smith*

BOILING A KETTLE BY WILL-POWER! Major Raymond Phillips, O.M.E., with the apparatus by which he claims to cause an electrical gramophone or kettle to operate. The human body acts, he says, as an earth, and constant capacity is maintained within 3 yards of the apparatus. Concentration alone enables a series of relays to work!



THE BOW of the new U.S. naval dirigible *Macon* being lifted into position at the Zeppelin Dock, Akron, Ohio. Citizens of Macon, Georgia, in honour of which the gigantic airship was named, participated in the bow-raising ceremony



YET ANOTHER "LARGEST IN THE WORLD": A colossal in-bottle pasteuriser, which weighs over 50 tons, was conveyed in one piece from the works of the Graham-Enock Manufacturing Company, Ltd., of Stamford Hill, London, to Oldham—no inconsiderable feat

THE FLYING SCOTSMAN: *On right* is the seventieth birthday meeting of the Up and the Down Scotsmen which met between York and Thirsk at a speed of fifty m.p.h. *On left* is the latest novelty to be installed on this notable train—a cocktail bar created in one of the existing coaches. The bar has been fitted in the same coach as the hair-dressing saloon and ladies' dressing room which already make the train unique in Europe. The decorations were designed by Mr. Cameron Kirby, A.R.I.B.A., and the work was carried out in the L.N.E.R. shops at York to the design of Mr. H. N. Gresley, Chief Mechanical Engineer

PLAYS

THE SONG OF LOVE: Mr. Jack Barty whispering to Miss Katherine Arkandy what time Casanova—played, in this picture, by Mr. Arthur Fear—twangs his melodious guitar

Non-stop propriety is Mr. John Galsworthy's trump card, even when dealing with the criminal classes. As an oasis of activity in a theatrical period which is a desert of dullness save for widely scattered cosmopolitan music-hall turns, the Garrick Theatre is to be commended. Mr. Leon M. Lion, to whom the peculiar Englishness of Galsworthy makes an appeal not for the first time, has launched another Galsworthy repertory season, choosing as his first production *Escape*.

I note that in more than one quarter the revival of this play is hailed as a shrewd and topical move in view of the riots some months ago in Dartmoor Prison. It has no more resemblance to those exciting episodes than *Hamlet* has to the Barney trial. Not only is the public's memory short, and in it the Dartmoor riots are already fading, but the essence of *Escape* is the public school spirit.

True, some attempt was made, with unconscious humour, at the trial of the obstreperous convicts to talk of *esprit de corps* in connection with a penal establishment, and to hail as "loyal" the inmates who did not revolt.

If they were really loyal to the traditions of the place we may expect to see Old Dartmoorians ties on sale at any moment in Burlington Arcade.

Mr. Lion, who has played a Galsworthy convict more than once, may therefore be aptly termed an Old Galsworthian. In *Escape* he does not play the principal convict but a subsidiary one, doubling the part with that of a benevolent elderly gentleman, made up as an uncanny likeness to the distinguished sculptor, Mr. Albert Toft.

But he is the man who has had the public spirit—the public-school spirit, if you like—to give us strong and serious fare at a time when other managers are giving us hardly anything at all, and when more London theatres are closed (or worse) than at any time since before the War. In view of this it is ungracious for me to express the opinion that as a play *Escape* is a poor thing to merit revival.

PLAYING THE AUDIENCE: Mr. Hal Bryan as the humourous patron and Miss Rita Mackay as the programme girl in a scene from the *Savoy Follies*

The play is interesting, however, as a revelation of how a distinguished author can, by playing on his particular foible, develop a serious attack of Podsnappery. Mr. Podsnap, as Dickensians will remember, "put behind him," with a wave of the arm, everything that was not English. Mr. Galsworthy wrote a much better play than *Escape* called *Old English*—a big film success in which Mr. George Arliss marked his portrayal of a port-loving English gentleman of the old school by giving him the exact outward appearance of a Chicago pork-packer. That was genial Podsnappery—at any rate on the part of the author.

In *Escape*, however, Podsnappery is mingled with the topsy-turvy romanticism of *Raffles*, a dash of absinthe being added by a suggestion of *St. Winifred's, or the World of School* (which, now I come to think of it, is not very much like absinthe).

It is not because I do not think that the public-school spirit is not, in its place, an admirable thing that I find an hour or so of it in the theatre produces in me an hysterical desire to shout out caddish things and throw opera glasses at the occupants of the nearest box.

But the public-school spirit, in dramatic form, should, like the children in all schools or out of them, be seen and not heard—and not even seen very much. Mr. Galsworthy booms it out through all the scenes of this play. Sometimes he does so with an amusing touch, but more often with the deadly seriousness which can make a tense moment ludicrous. The final curtain in *Escape* shows the escaped convict—public-school, ex-officer, gallant fellow and irreproachable in diction and deportment—emerging from his hiding-place to save a parson from telling a lie. "For that," runs the explanation, "would not have been CRICKET."

And if Mr. Galsworthy thinks that escaped convicts, even if they have played in the Eton and Harrow match, care two hoots about cricket, either literally or figuratively, when they are breathless and fainting with a pack of policemen at their heels, I venture, at the risk of being guilty of the worst possible form, to disagree with him,

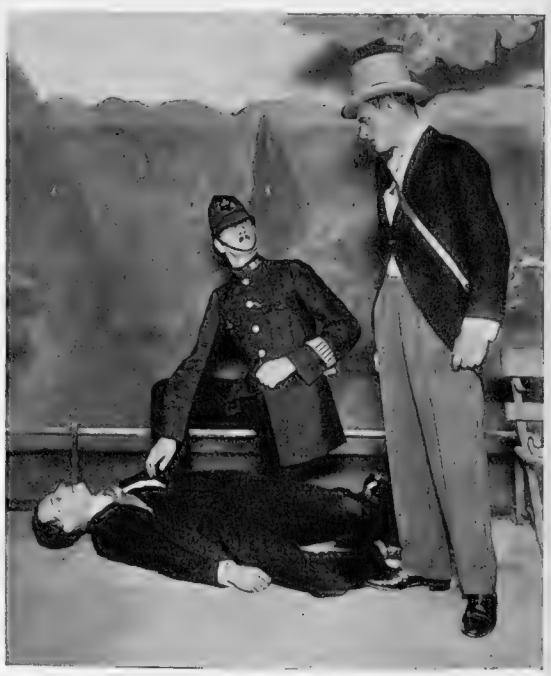
Sir Gerald du Maurier played the public-school convict on the film and Mr. Nicholas Hannen in the original stage production. The part is now in the hands of Mr. Colin Clive who plays it with extraordinary charm and unaffected vigour. The next best performance comes from Miss Ann Codrington (who does some "doubling"); she can get into the skin of a character with brilliant effect. Mr. Lion himself is quite excellent; as are his fellow *alumni*, Mr. A. R. Whatmore and Mr. Paul Gill. Miss Phyllis Konstam added a welcome touch of decoration to the Alma Mater of the Charing Cross Road.

Quantum mutatus ab illo . . . . as we used to learn in the sixth form (for escape from "Escape" is difficult). How changed from its former self is Daly's Theatre! Possibly George Edwardes, who was shrewd enough to move with the times, would have put on non-stop variety there had he considered the taste of the public demanded it. But I cannot see the Daly's chorus girls of Edwardian times stopping in the theatre, as do the girls of the present entertainment from 2 p.m. to midnight. For they were haughty young women with keen appetites, and restaurants played a large part in their lives. Nor can I see George Edwardes approving a score and more details of this strange non-stop production; some of the turns would have sent him off to Marienbad for his annual rest-cure with the celerity of a scalded cat.

The majority of the patrons of Daly's in July, 1932, do not, I think, remember pre-War Daly's. But I found myself listening to Mr. Alfred Leonard's orchestral selection of old Daly's tunes—"Under the Deodar," etc., in somewhat melancholy mood. Had these been played by the jazz band on the stage, they would have been unrecognizable, and all would have been well. But Mr. Leonard happens to be a first-rate musician and an admirable conductor, and his performance, and that of his orchestra, were only too reminiscent.

However, there are some bright spots in the new Daly's in addition to the vivid garb of the commissionaires and the programme-sellers. On the night of my visit, by the way, nothing stronger than a programme could be sold in any part of the theatre: *Oimoi Talaina Opopoi* (which ought to get me a good mark from Mr. Galsworthy).

There is in the first place, Mr. Morris Harvey, the *compère*, who strolled up and down the stage like the Aga Khan in the paddock at Ascot, only funnier. He did not always have an easy task in keeping things



THE "CRIME": Mr. Colin Clive, returned from the races, has hit a plain-clothes officer (Mr. Frederick Piper), who was erroneously arresting a girl. The officer hits his head on the railings and dies

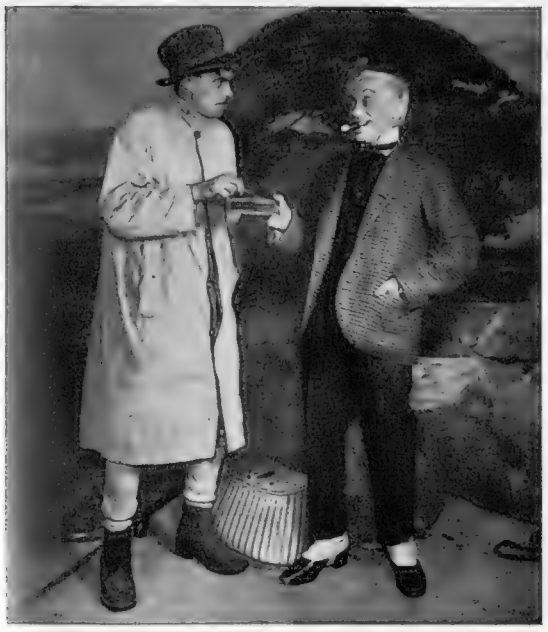
CONCEALMENT: Mr. Colin Clive (Capt. Matt Denant) endeavours to hide behind the door as Miss Phyllis Konstam (The Shingled Lady) enters. She finally lends him an old hat and Burberry

"ESCAPE"

The new production at the Garrick Theatre

THE THIRD REFUGE: Mr. Colin Clive receives from Miss Joan Henley a cup of tea and from Miss Ann Codrington a lecture on the treatment of the criminal—one of the most effective scenes in the play

THE FIRST REFUGE: Mr. Colin Clive, sentenced to Dartmoor, escapes, and seeks (not in vain) sanctuary in the house of The Shingled Lady (Miss Phyllis Konstam, in private life Mrs. "Bunny" Austin)



THE SECOND REFUGE: Mr. Colin Clive, camouflaged as a fisherman, chats to Mr. Leon M. Lion (in one of his usual superb make-ups) in the rôle of a kindly old public-school man

THE FOURTH REFUGE: Mr. Colin Clive receives succour from the parson (Mr. James Raglan), but remembers his public school code in time to save that of his benefactor for, when the parson is about to lie to save him from the enquiring authorities, he refuses to let him sully his lips with an untruth as "That would not be cricket"—a phrase which perhaps fails of entire conviction. Mr. Colin Clive creates the part of the hero, Captain Matt Denant which, some seven years ago, was played by Mr. Nicholas Hannen on the stage. On the screen the rôle was portrayed by Sir Gerald du Maurier

The Public-School Spirit at the Garrick, and the Gangster Spirit on the Screen

By PHILIP PAGE

going. But just as another Harvey knew all about the circulation of the blood, so this Harvey knows all about the circulation of certain turns to which the companion adjective might be truthfully applied. His amusing and good-humoured patter smoothed over the awkward moments, and he has the requisite bed-side manner.

Pleasant too, is Mr. Desmond Jeans, the monocled boxer—far more pleasant, indeed, than the noises of the jazz band over which he appeared to be exercising control. I do not think his efforts as a conductor show any indication that he will at any time become a Sir Thomas Beecham or a Sir Henry Wood—which is probably not his ambition anyway; they resembled more the shadow boxing at which he is an adept. But he can dance and can "get over" with his personality.

Miss Terri Storri's acrobatic dancing was neat and clever and there was humour, too, in the antics of a little man in a brown suit who waggled his tummy about in anything but the public-school manner. Togo is a good juggler—quite the best I have seen for years—and the turn of Miss Elsie Carlisle proved acceptable. All I can say of some of the humour of Miss Revnell, who contorts her tall frame in a way that involves much play with that part of it for use on chairs, is that—well, is it CRICKET?

SHAKESPEARE PLAYED WHERE—AND AS—IT SHOULD BE: Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry and Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson in the famous "black and white" costumes, play in the new Inner Garden, Regent's Park

I am not surprised to find *The Cat and the Fiddle* piling up its centuries at the Palace. We have had musical comedies more original, more gorgeous, and more witty. But I cannot call to mind one with greater charm than this. Charm is said to be an indefinable thing. But it is not unachievable, though few managers seem to make any special effort to achieve it. Yet it is more important than noise, than novel effects, than permutations (and even combinations) of dancers.

Charm is the note struck in this piece from the moment Mr. Henri Leoni sings charmingly a quite unoriginal but wholly charming song right along to the fall of the curtain. Mlle Delysia simply cannot make a mistake, and Miss Peggy Wood, a fine actress, brings intelligence to bear on all she does. Mr. Frances Lederer still, I think, overdoes the pale face and the slouching manner, and I do wish he would cut off a little—if only a foot or so—of that front hair of his; but he is a success and the ladies adore him—so what would you else?

As for Miss Gina Malo, few soubrettes have shown such delicate humour or have danced in so electrically attractive a fashion.

The Teutonic mind is traditionally considered not to have humour as part of its composition, particularly that brand of humour which involves laughing at oneself and one's cherished ideals. The Köpenick hoax has become one of the world's great jokes. But it is a sign of improvement in Mittel Europa that Mittel Europa can laugh at it, and not only laugh but make a film out of it. Thus is the man who made Prussian militarism look silly turned into a lovable hero.

We wise and knowledgeable people know that actually the cobbler who put on a uniform and did a bit of amateur sabre-rattling was sent to prison. In this German film, *Captain of Köpenick*, which I have just seen at the Cambridge Theatre, that part of the history is not recorded. We are concerned with only the lighter side of the famous affair, and light and amusing indeed it is. The technical side of this enjoyable "talkie" seemed to me to be beyond reproach.

That Miss Tallulah Bankhead, who is a far more beautiful woman than Miss Greta Garbo, should obviously be attempting (probably by orders) to make herself resemble Miss Garbo is a pity. That she should be adopting some of the latter's screen mannerisms is tragic, for Miss Bankhead is a supremely fine actress, when she wants to be, and Miss Garbo will never, in my opinion, be able to begin to act at all, however passionately she prays to do so in her mysterious remoteness. This line of thought will certainly exasperate the Swedish star's many worshippers, who swallow with avidity all the Garbage that is served up, and good luck to 'em. But when I see a fine artist sedulously following one who is not an artist so much as a carefully-boomed personality I am moved to utter with no little indignation what I honestly believe to be the truth.

Nonetheless, Tallulah gives a fine performance in *Thunder Below*, in spite of the way this film has been permeated with Garbonic acid gas. As a tragedy the thing does not amount to much, for it is badly constructed, and towards the close occurs an error in melodrama-making so profound that all the authorities, from Aristotle to George R. Sims, must be revolving in their graves. But it affords Tallulah a splendid opportunity to prove what a tragedienne she can be even when shackled with the job of adopting inferior methods. By the way, if the play *They Knew What They Wanted*, in which she appeared at the St. Martin's Theatre in 1926, has not yet been filmed, it certainly should be without further delay.

The British public never seems to tire of gloating over American crime and the methods of treating American crime. If there is one dish considered more desirable than the sight of gangsters shooting down one another in glorious freedom, it is that which consists of the doings of gangsters while in prison, where they seem to be able to go on with their shooting in the same merry old fashion.

I am not concerned with the moral or political aspects of filmdom, or of that amazing body, the British Board of Film Censors. But if anything is bad for the morals of juvenile members of the audience it is to show them what a thrilling and romantic time it is possible to have in prison as the result of having a thrilling and romantic time out of it.

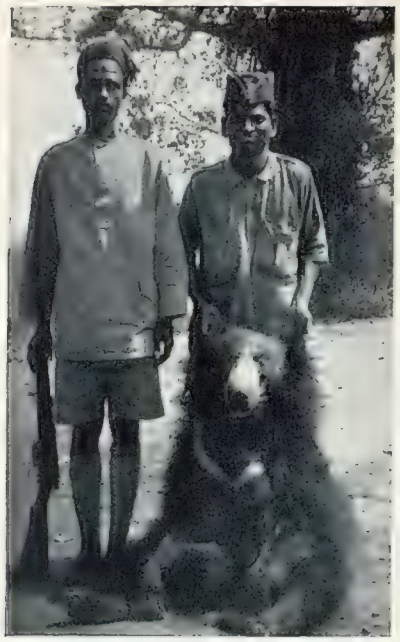
As for international politics, it is not a good thing when our relations with America are, as usual, a trifle wonky, to show that nation in a condition of hopeless lawlessness and ethical topsy-turvydom, whatever may happen to be our private opinion of the truth of the portrait.

Hell's House at the Capitol I found to be one of many films which, though intended to show the inhumanity of the American reformatory system, really made exciting entertainment out of it. That it is mainly concerned with juveniles makes it the more dangerous.

Mr. Pat O'Brien and "Junior" Durkin play the film for all it is worth, which is not much. The only consolation is that *Hell's House* is so excessively banal that the chances are that even the most advanced cases of juvenile cretinism would not be impressed by it.

Sasha

MISS POLLY LUCE whose performance in *Tell Her the Truth* at the Saville Theatre is one of the high-lights of the amusing musical verson of the farce



A SLOTH BEAR OF THE HILLS: The Khonds have a good deal to fear from these beasts as they lie out in thick bush during cold weather and the natives occasionally trip over them

A MAN-EATER OF THE KHOND HILLS: A tiger which had the amazing habit of decapitating its victims. When shot it was found that a porcupine quill had worked under the skin and was gradually approaching the heart

THE DAIRY TEMPLE OF THE TODAS: The agricultural race which is rapidly dying out—it numbers less than a thousand—deifies its means of life, the buffalo. In the Dairy Temple, the sacred milk is kept and churned

IN WAR DRESS: Khond warriors in quilted skirts, peacock feathers, bows and arrows, and brass-bound Thangi

A TODA FAMILY: The Todas are a fine pastoral race living on the grasslands of Ootacamund. Their great industry is the manufacture of *ghee* from the milk of their buffalo herds. They are notably paler in hue than other races of India and wear their hair unusually long

Inset—THE GREETING: Women are lowly regarded among the Todas. A man greets a woman by touching her head first with one foot then the other

A CATHEDRAL OF THE TODAS: The cone-shaped temple is one variety of sacred edifice known to this tribe, others are the Dairy Temple and the Bell Temple. The last-named is hidden away from human habitation in a *shola* (wood) and contains the bell which came from heaven to the neck of the first buffalo

KHONDS and TODAS

Two Strange Races of India

The Khonds of the Eastern Ghats are a lazy and laughter-loving people, of splendid physique in their adult life, though they decline early into a rheumatic and fever-ridden old age. Their country lying on an average of 3,000 ft. above the plains covered in virgin jungle, is perhaps one of the most malarial in the world. One might think they would become immune from malaria, for no part of their country is free of this dread disease, but this is not the case, and is no doubt accounted for to some extent by their other great enemy—drink.

For it must be recorded that the Khond loves his drink almost above all else, and is amply supplied by Nature with the sago palm and the mowa tree. In fact, during the season of the former, parties of men go forth, spending the day in the shadow of the palm—to reel drunkenly home in the evening for fear worse should befall them in the shape of the ever-present man-eating tiger. It may be wondered how in the face of such handicaps, the race keeps jovial, but of this there is no doubt—see a party of youths on a long day's journey—almost invariably one "flautist" will be found amongst them, and while he cheerfully pipes away, the rest will be performing what is very much akin to the modern two-step along the road. Perhaps the instrument should be called the piccolo rather than the flute, it being only from 3 to 4 in. long, cleverly ornamented with poker-work, with only three holes besides the mouth orifice, and on this they play the most lively jigs, doleful soulful tunes appearing to be unknown to their repertoire.

They are redoubtable warriors as old-time history shows, their weapons of offence being the Thangi, or battle-axe, mounted on a three-foot stick, and the bow and arrow. With the latter they are pretty poor shots, if any distant shooting is asked for, but they make good use of the arrow in their "Shikar," and it is very effectual at a few yards' range. They are great lovers of Shikar, and it is largely owing to their killing off of all game that they have to face the dread man-eater. This, with their destructive method of cultivation has practically deprived the jungle of the tiger's legitimate food, and hundreds of deaths a year are recorded, "killed by a man-eater." Their villages consist of from five to ten log huts situate in a jungle clearing, and during the man-eating season, woe betide the Khond who is not locked in his hut well before sunset, not that the man-eater is particular about the darkness.

A Khond and his wife with baby tied on her back will go forth and plough the small clearing far up on the hill side. The baby is laid on a cloth in a corner of the clearing while the parents earn their livelihood by the sweat of their brow. Suddenly, a tiger steps out of the thick jungle, picks up the baby and disappears—not a sound is heard, the vast quiet of the jungle remains undisturbed. Women wood-cutters form the tiger's chief "fodder"; two or three will go into the jungle, and here, with extraordinary disregard to consequences, separate, pushing their way into thick twilit tangle, collecting broken and fallen wood. Too often, one fails to return, while the wonderful pluck with which these women will attack a man-eater with nothing but a log of wood while he is in the very act of carrying off one of their number is a thing to marvel at. Sometimes the woman is saved, but time and again another victim is added to the tally.

The marauder, in the accompanying picture, had an interesting history. It was known to have killed twelve people though no doubt many more unrecorded deaths lie to its "credit." An uncommon feature of the progress of this tiger was that in all cases its victims were neatly beheaded, the heads left *in situ*, while the bodies as usual were dragged to its lair in thick undergrowth. This beast's career ended dramatically. After many fruitless days of trekking in the footsteps of its victims—for a man-eater will travel twenty miles a day and more—a buffalo calf was found beheaded in an open bit of country and the body dragged to a near-by patch of scrub; a panther was suspected and thought worthy "game" after the disappointment of the previous days. The nights were moonless and a torch was taken. Long after dark the silence of the night was shattered by the roar of a tiger, and soon it could be heard tearing at the kill; silent pressure of the torch produced the magnificent sight of a full-grown tiger glaring into the beam of light. A bullet through the chest gave it its quietus.

(Continued on p. 182)

FLESH-EATING PLANTS

Biological text-books tell us that green plants—alone among living things—are endowed with the faculty to build up within their tissues the organic foodstuffs which they need as "food." They do this by means of energy derived from the sun's rays, their raw material consisting of water taken from the soil, and carbon dioxide drawn from the air. The water normally holds in solution certain mineral "salts" (containing nitrogen and other "elements") essential for this constructive process (photosysthesis) whereby simple chemical substances, unassimilable as such by living protoplasm, are converted into starch and protein, on which protoplasm can and does "feed." The ability to perform this operation places the green plants in a unique position of independence. In order to survive animals are obliged either to eat plants or else to devour other animals which in their turn rely, either directly or indirectly, upon plants for their sustenance. Thus, while a world in which life was represented solely by animal species is unthinkable, we can easily imagine one in which plants only existed. Nevertheless, in the actual world around us we find that an appreciable number of plants prey upon animals—usually insects and other small fry—which they capture by a variety of ingenious devices. The reason for this is perhaps a little obscure. But the plausible suggestion has been made that since these plants usually grow in bogs or similar situations where nitrogen is scarce or difficult to obtain, they have adopted these unconventional tactics in order to make good the deficiency.

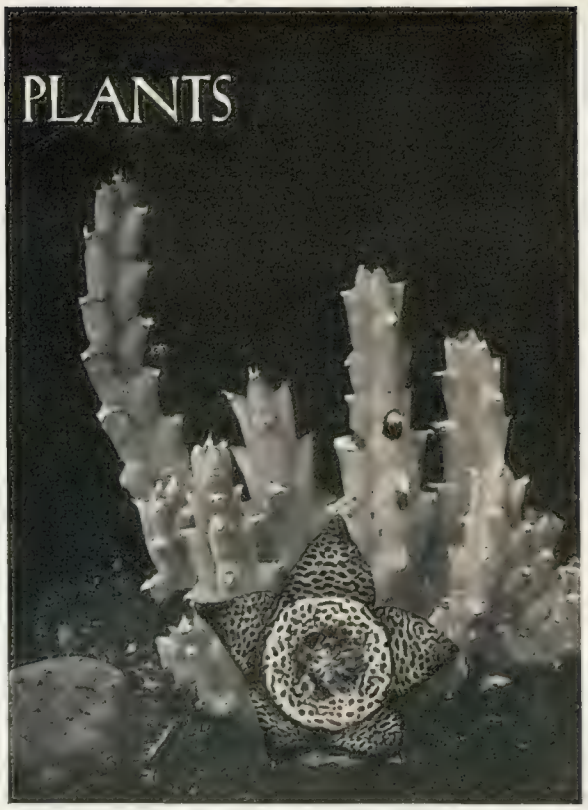
Be this as it may, the fact remains that upwards of five hundred "carnivorous plants" are known to science. These occur in all parts of the world, several interesting examples being natives of Britain. These plants employ a variety of mechanisms which may be classified roughly into three groups, viz.: (1) lethal chambers of one sort or another, often referred to as "pitchers," (2) retentive leaves or tentacles, and (3) leaves converted into definite traps or gins

Among the tropical "pitcher plants" a part of the leaf, or of the leaf-stalk, takes the form of a hollow vessel which in effect is a combination of lure, pitfall, and stomach. It is showily coloured and secretes abundant nectar round its opening. The inner walls are either very slippery or else beset with downward-pointing hairs devices which favour the ingress of a victim, but effectually prevent its escape. The lower part contains a quantity of watery fluid. Insects, completely hoodwinked by the flower-like appearance of these contrivances, enter them unsuspectingly and feast for a time on the nectar. Sooner or later they slither down helplessly into the death-bath, where they soon drown; and in a surprisingly short time the soft parts of their bodies are dissolved and absorbed by the plant. In a single nepenthes pitcher, grown in a conservatory infested with cockroaches, the writer found the indigestible remains of about a dozen of these pests.

All the striking pitcher plants belong to the genus nepenthes.

Two interesting groups of insectivorous plants which capture prey by a method suggestive of the ordinary fly-paper are the butterworts (pinguicula) and the sundews (drosera). The leaves of the former are sticky on the upper surface, being thickly beset with short, glandular hairs which secrete an abundant viscid mucus. As soon as an insect is caught by this the edge of the leaf curls slowly over and the hairs exude a peptic fluid by which the nitrogenous substance of the victim is digested, to be absorbed for the benefit of the plant. The popular name of the butterwort refers to the fact that its leaves have the property of rennet, and are said still to be used in Lapland for curdling reindeers' milk. The sundew leaf has remarkable powers of discrimination. It holds and digests insects or small scraps of meat, but pays little attention to such things as tiny pebbles or pellets of paper except to discard them. Furthermore, it has been found that although the leaf is devoid of eyes and ears it has a sense of direction; for if a tempting morsel is placed close to, but not actually touching, the leaf, the latter moves towards it and—if it can reach far enough—seizes it.

H. B.



EVEN NATURE IS DECEPTIVE! The beautiful starlike blossom of the stapelia variegata L. exhales a putrid stench which attracts great numbers of flies that deposit their eggs in the cup of the blossom and often cause pollination by their mere movement. This is otherwise effected by the maggots creeping out of the eggs which, however, soon perish of hunger as they cannot find the nourishment necessary for their development. The native country of the plants commonly called star-flowers is South Africa. They are also called carrion-flowers on account of their smell. *On right* are flower spikes of the toothwort. It catches and devours ground insects

THE VENUS FLY TRAP OF NORTH AMERICA: Each leaf consists of two parts—a flat stalk and a bi-lobed blade, each half bordered with spines. Each lobe also carries three delicate bristles. If an insect ventures upon the blade and touches a bristle, the lobes spring together, imprisoning the adventurer between the interlocking marginal spines, for all the world like a rat trap

THE BUTTERWORT: The surface of the leaves is sticky and has short glandular hairs. So soon as an insect is caught, the leaves curl up while the hairs exude a peptic fluid

ARISTOLOCHIA GRIFFITHII: This brilliant flower grows at 9,000 ft. on the Mishmi Hills, on the Assam frontier. It exudes a smell highly attractive to flies—that of decaying meat

DUNLOP REINFORCED
DUNLOP FORT
DUNLOP MAGNA
MADE IN ENGLAND
DUNLOP
In a Class by Themselves
3
DUNLOP
2H/173
C.F.H.

A Camera on the Sales

A Pictorial Record of the Great London Emporia in Late July

Below—An incident at Messrs. Debenham and Freebodys' sale when congratulations were exchanged between a black and white beach suit at remarkably low cost and a young person who had secured some correspondingly attractive bargains

Below—At Messrs. Gorringes the new dice crêpe, a prime favourite among dress materials this summer, created a stir by its charm and inexpensiveness. A certain stir was also recorded in connection with the graceful figure that displayed it

Above—A glimpse of the sale counter at Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove recently, a sidelight in fact upon this engrossing business of selecting that with which to "beat your neighbour out of doors" as the nursery game goes

Above—One feels that 5s. 11d. a yard for all-silk chiffon, at Messrs. Goochs' sale, is sufficiently stimulating for a visit to the next department to which the lady above is so confidently pointing the way

Above—At Woollands of Knightsbridge much attention was concentrated upon a display of scarves. Some thoughtful scrutiny of a black and white example, still the most popular of all colour combinations, is visible in our picture

Above left—Judging from the expression of the little lady on the left of this group, her companion is demonstrating something particularly worthwhile in summer gowns. One feels that a decision of some importance is involved

Right—"My kingdom for a wooden head" is, one suspects, what the average window gazer felt about this combination of charm and 4s. 11d. voile

Above—An interesting picture inasmuch as it is taken from the inside of Messrs. Swan and Edgars' windows and reveals the "other fellow's" point of view

The Palazzo delle Compare di S. Giorgio in Genoa dates from 1262

A shimmering lake in the Salz Kammergut district near Salzburg

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

THE CHARM OF OLD GENOA

A smouldering desire to wrest the veil from the places of my dreams rose so fiercely a few weeks ago that hardly had the final curtain descended than I found myself in Calais with visas to eight countries and an unquenchable longing to visit them all—a selfish spirit abetted by the stolid presence of an Isotta car, which tore its way to the Riviera as though possessed with a same desire to bask by the exquisite Southern seas.

Carl Brisson of musical comedy fame, has been visiting the French and Italian Rivieras, and here records his appreciation of, among other things, Old Genoa

Its ardour was checked in Paris where things are brightened so very much, a changed capital—a Paris sadly unlike the visitor's conception of a "Gay Paris" of the poets and magazines; the gloom of winter is almost lost in the sun of July. Ciro's still attracts the lovely and the wealthy, and after the dancing — which ceases at midnight — the favoured seek the new Montmartre where, sitting in the gloom of a day loath to depart, you watch piquant street occurrences and flowing-haired street musicians, dressed as Apaches, playing weird and wondrous instruments—such a definite change from the London variety.

Typically Hollywoodish is the Zeppelin Restaurant, where visitors may gain a good impression of the thrills of the Graf at a much smaller price. From the windows one gazes on New York, and by the time you are sipping your coffee and liqueur you have traversed the East and hover over London. The realism is intensified by the artificial weather which is so true that you feel inclined to be sea-sick. Among the new restaurants continually open is the Baghdad in Faubourg Saint-Honoré, a gorgeous affair of golden pillars and ceilings of multi-coloured lights. Such is the new Paris of pleasure, popularized and demanded by the younger generation. Travelling through the night from Paris by way of Avignon we reached Carcassone. To enter the old town in correct spirit one should have toured in a suit of mail, for to be armoured to the hilt is the only fitting way to traverse this wonderful fortress so sacredly preserved.

At Juan les Pins we lay in the sun and drifted in the water like tired seals. And in extra spurts of energy, went aquaplaning, falling off to prove our swimming prowess by cutting back to land, there to love living for living's sake.

The Torre degli Embriaci raises its hoary head high over surrounding Genoa

In the Truogoli di S. Brigida in Genoa it seems always to be washing day

We stayed at Genoa—the ancient port backed by mountains and filled with palaces of forlorn silence and decaying loveliness, like parts of Dublin where houses of gentility are inhabited by whole floors of families, so too are the back streets of Genoa and half obliterated carvings of coats of arms testifying to the glory which is perhaps better swept away than hiding in abused obscurity. I loved the little churches where women softly prayed and brown eyed dusky boys shed street merriment at the door and supplicated like cherubs who had been discovered in a wrong.

The palaces included in the official sights are interesting according to one's temperament, but to those for whom Italy is the country of a medieval splendour and a civilized age which has no equal, Genoa must not be missed.

Carl Brisson

HEALTH IN THE AUSTRIAN TYROL

To all who are seeking an answer to the all-important query, "Where can we enjoy an ideal Continental holiday?" Austria, with her thousand-and-one charms, offers the visitor every attraction. A holiday, if it is to fulfil its purpose, must bring a complete change of atmosphere. The greater the change the more perfect the effect of the holiday. If for a period you can forget the ordinary run of life and its attendant worries you will return all the happier to your usual work and amusements.

For a considerable distance into Austria the Alps, the largest range of mountains in Europe, form a continuation of the Swiss ranges and then gradually slope away to the east. With their steep precipices, lofty peaks and sparkling glaciers, they fill the greater part of the country with a magnificent variety of scenery. From the fertile green valleys, up past the dark pine forests covering the lower slopes, to the regions of rock, ice, and eternal snow, there is every type of country that a land of mountains can offer.

One of the main attractions of Austria is the Tyrolese district. Innsbruck, the capital, is easily reached from London on the Orient Express route via Folkestone—Boulogne—Laon — Bâle and Buchs. The town is admirably situated on the right bank of the river Inn, near its junction with the Sill, and on account of its picturesque surroundings is one of the most beautiful towns in the Alps. In the North rise the jagged peaks of the Brandjoch, Frau Hitt, Sattelspitzen, and Seegrubenspitzen; in the South the remarkably shaped Serlesspitze, in the West the Nockspitze and in the East the Patscherkofel. Innsbruck, originally a Roman military station called Veldidema, is now, without doubt, the most important centre of the Eastern Alps with railway excursions to all parts, air services, and motor-coach services.

The costumes of the Tyrol peasants vary almost with every valley. These are some with broad-brimmed hats at a shooting festival

Besides the old part of the town and the museums, there are ten beautiful old churches. Again, the town offers a variety of whole-day and half-day tours to many Tyrolese centres of art such as the "Solbad Hall" (Salt baths of Hall), Hall being a quaint old town, the Nürnberg of the Tyrol.

Pörtschach is one of the most popular resorts on Lake Worther in Carinthia

Another interesting spot well worthy of a visit is Pörtschach on Lake Wörthersee. Ideal in spring, summer and autumn; in April, May and June the glory of springtime is at its height; the summer months are sunny, rainless and windless; while in autumn the weather remains clear and warm until well into October. The favourable climate, together with the warm bathing experienced in the lake, have both contributed to make the town the leading Alpine bathing resort in Austria. The bathing has a distinctly curative effect on those suffering from diseases connected with the nerves and larynx, and also on people with a tendency to chest weakness.

Meiders is another health resort, 3,100 ft. above the level of the sea. It is situated in the Stubai valley, which runs in a south-westerly direction from Innsbruck. It is a broad open valley, with the River Rutzbach racing through it.

F. G. B.

The dresses on the Carinthian Alps are also extremely fascinating; the men wear knee breeches

WORLD'S CLAMOROUS DEMAND FOR STANDARD CARS CAUSES EARLY ANNOUNCEMENT OF 1933 MODELS!

With five more months of 1932 to go, the 1933 Standards *had* to be announced! For, while the world's demand for Standard cars is unabated, the supply of 1932 models is at an end. *With five more months of 1932 to go!*

SO HERE THEY ARE —

Six splendid cars — so up-to-date that they have raced the calendar by five months! *Six splendid cars* — all streamlined for beauty and easy cleaning, all carefully designed for comfort, all rigorously tested for performance and hard service. Four are worthy successors to the 1932 Standards — and two are newcomers. All have the new design radiator and wings, flush-fitting sliding roof with streamlined front, the new four-speed silent third gearbox, redesigned luxurious road springs, grouped-nipple lubrication, twelve-volt lighting and starting set, and a host of other refinements of modern engineering practice.

The new Standard "Little Twelve" *Six Cylinder.*
Here is an entirely new production — a car built on the lines of the Standard "Little Nine" yet with the added power and performance of a six-cylinder engine.
Saloon £189. Special Saloon £204. Two or Four Seater Tourer £189.

The new Standard "Big Twelve" *Six Cylinder.*
This newcomer is a big four-seater car with a 13.5 h.p. six-cylinder engine. Apart from its extra power and performance this model closely resembles the 1933 "Big Nine."
Saloon £215. Special Saloon £235. Two or Four Seater Tourer £215.

The 1933 Standard "Little Nine."
Now equipped with the new four-speed silent third gearbox, 12-volt lighting and starting set, hydraulic shock absorbers, petrol pump, electric petrol gauge on instrument panel and oil filter.
Saloon £159. Special Saloon £174. Two or Four Seater Tourer £159.

The 1933 Standard "Big Nine."
The many refinements of this popular model include the latest spring and rubber engine mounting and the new flat rear floor with concealed wells, giving added accommodation for tools, etc.
Saloon £205. Special Saloon £225. Two or Four Seater Tourer £205.

The 1933 Standard "Sixteen" *Six Cylinder.*
The famous Standard "Sixteen" ready for 1933 with increased wheelbase, longer road springs, enhanced bodywork, thermostatically controlled radiator shutters, and even more luxurious equipment, including grouped nipple lubrication.
Saloon £235. Special Saloon £255. Two or Four Seater Tourer £235.

The 1933 Standard "Twenty" *Six Cylinder.*
This magnificent car (which provides sufficient accommodation for two occasional seats making it a seven-seater) is now mounted on an entirely new frame, giving immense increase in rigidity.
Saloon £325. Special Saloon £355.

All 1933 models fitted with Dunlop tyres. All prices ex works. Send postcard for 1933 literature to:

The Standard Motor Co. Ltd., Canley, Coventry. West End Showrooms: The Car Mart Ltd., 46-50 Park Lane, London, W.1, and 297-9 Euston Road, N.W.1

1933 STANDARD CARS

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

I rather imagine that the majority of motorists who have not had much experience in the air consider that the modern aeroplane is comparatively speaking, an unreliable means of transport. I make no secret of the fact that when I take the air I am mighty glad when the wheels of the craft that carries me gently touch the ground as I return to earth. Perhaps it is due to my training as an engineer that the wires and frail bits of wood which form part of most aeroplanes frighten me. Another fear which haunts me when up aloft is that the folding wings may take it into their heads to function automatically and cease to support the machine and its occupants aloft. I have argued with myself on many occasions that I am unduly nervous and that the record of aviation to-day does not confirm my fancies.

I mention them because I find many motoring friends agree with me and I feel that they too will be interested in my further remarks. At Brooklands on July 8 and 9 the King's Cup Air Race was run and won. The course consisted of three different circuits, having a total mileage of 1,233. Forty-three aeroplanes started off on the Friday morning and on the Friday evening thirty-six came in. Of those that fell by the way-side all but one had minor trouble which allowed them to come down without any undue excitement, but the one exception crashed, fortunately without injury to anyone. On the second day thirty-four started, two having withdrawn for reasons which had nothing whatever to do with reliability and on Saturday evening thirty-three came home. In other words, out of forty-three which started, thirty-three completed the course and everyone of them did it at a speed exceeding 100 m.p.h.

With these figures in front of me and having watched the race very closely my previous opinion of aircraft has begun to change. Can any motorist imagine a 1,000 miles race run at a speed such as was common in the King's Cup event with such a high percentage of starters finishing. I hope that the aircraft industry will make use of this event for the purpose of impressing people like myself, who should be air-minded. Another fact which impressed me was the entire absence of serious trouble.

In fact, this King's Cup Air Race makes me think that the modern racing car is comparatively unreliable!

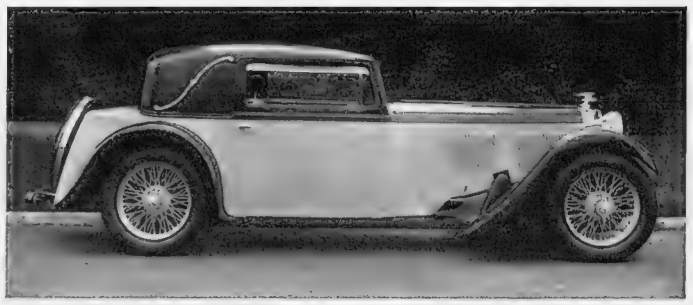
Aviation too, is not nearly so expensive as people imagine. It is nothing unusual for a light aeroplane to cover more than twenty miles to the gallon and the spirit used is the ordinary petrol that can be bought from the pumps. Further, the twenty miles is usually twenty miles measured from door to door, though it is only fair to state that if the machine is travelling against a wind twenty miles, though straight, may be very much less, but I suppose that on the average the wind counts for little, so far as m.p.g. is concerned, for it will help on as many occasions as it hinders.

Personally I can see a vicious circle on the horizon, because the number of aviators is not likely to increase whilst premiums remain where they are. Unfortunately, when an aeroplane gets damaged it seems seldom to cost less than £40, and this helps me to understand the insurance companies point of view. Not only are premiums high, but aviation insurance operates very differently to motor insurance. I do not think that any policy is issued unless an excess of at least £30 is undertaken by the owner.

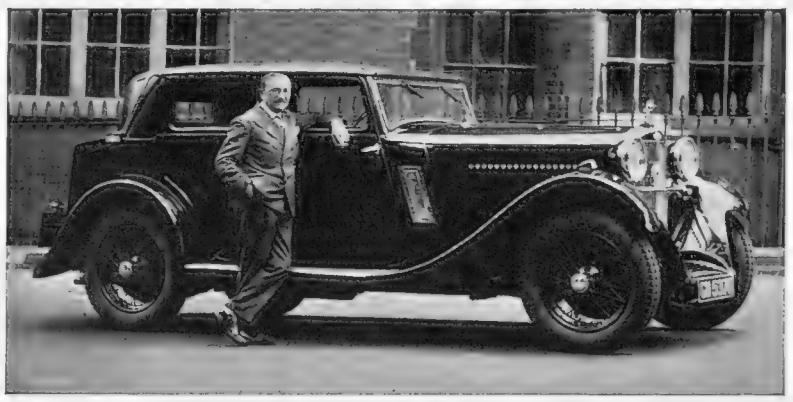
Again, if a crash occurs an additional premium over and above that originally paid has to be handed over to make the policy valid for the unexpired portion.

In every other respect flying is definitely cheap. A good aeroplane can be bought for five or six hundred pounds. Petrol and oil are not much more than would be the case for a 15 h.p. or 20 h.p. car; garaging is definitely cheaper; in fact my experience as manager of an aerodrome shows me that a light aeroplane is usually housed for about 10s. a week. From an expense point of view the only fly in the ointment is the insurance, and as the companies are not doing particularly well out of this class of business I cannot see how premiums will be materially reduced.

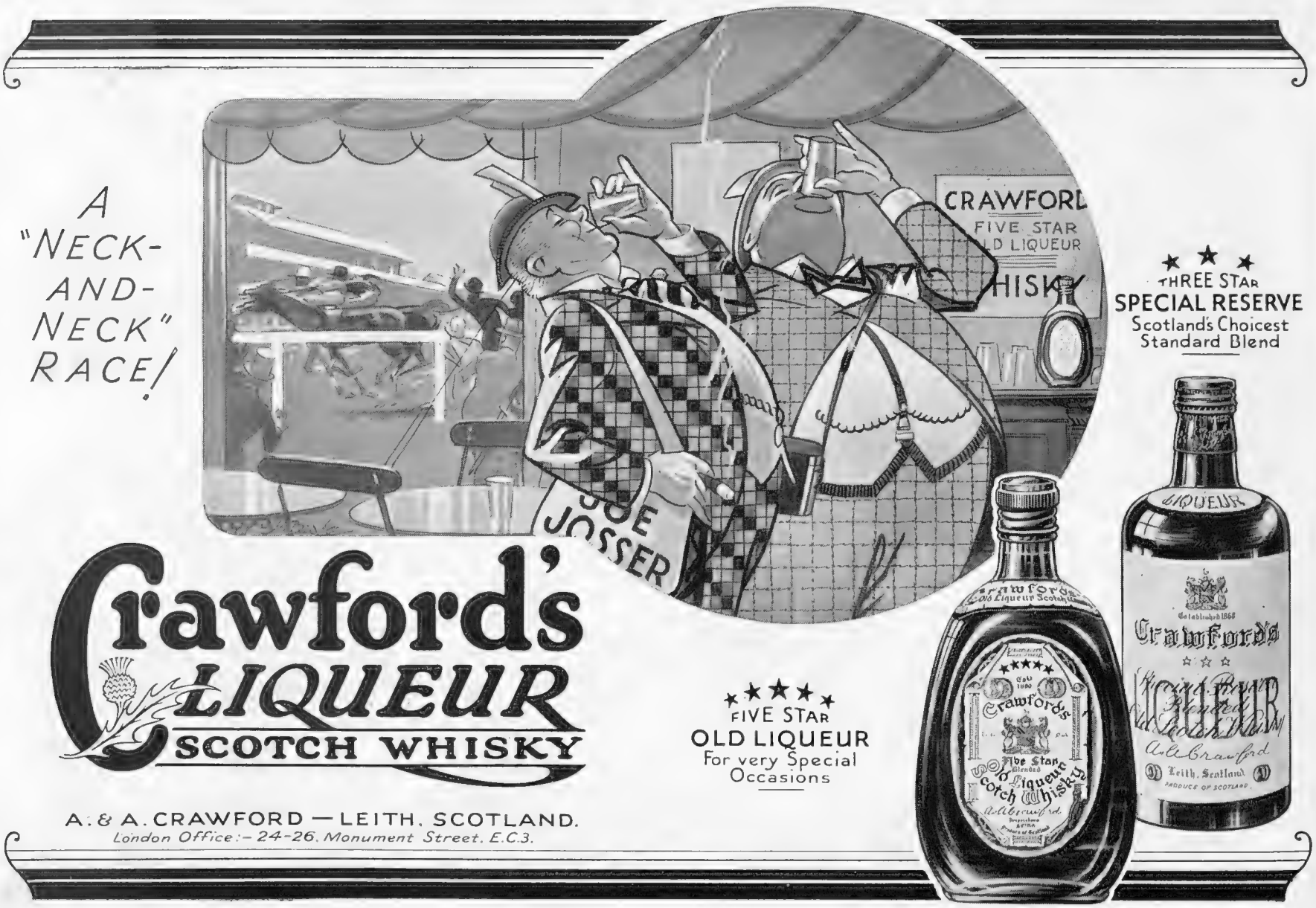
The next development that will help flying is the establishment of aerodromes all over the country. At present the full utility of an aeroplane cannot be enjoyed because no matter what is said in the daily press, no aeroplane can land under all conditions on a tennis court. The question might be asked what will be the future of motoring when flying becomes the means of transport for the masses. So far as I can see nothing that has made its appearance at the moment will ever make the motor car only fit for a museum. When we fly we are stranded and helpless unless there is a motor car ready to take us to our exact destination. That is the position which will continue until every aircraft can land in the suburban dweller's back yard. The motor industry has nothing to fear from its younger brother, in fact each can learn quite a lot from the experiences of the other.



A CAR OF DISTINCTION: The Alvis "Speed Twenty" with a special Charlesworth Coupé body. Although the over-all height is under 60 in., the low frame line of the chassis permits of ample headroom. The wide doors allow of easy access. Special window locks, spacious luggage accommodation, and novel ventilators connected with an ash-tray are features of the motor-car



NINTH OF ITS LINE: Mr. G. Falk and his 20 (20·3 h.p.) six-cylinder Sunbeam recently supplied to him by C. R. Andrews (Motors), Ltd., of Bourdon Street, W.1. Mr. Falk has been a Sunbeam owner for nine years, this being the ninth car of the famous breed he has possessed. This is the fifth model supplied to this purchaser by the distributor and Mr. Falk claims it is the best of a long line of good cars



the 12th starts from EUSTON and ST. PANCRAS

To the sportsman August 12th is New Year's Day, and if the hour of midnight finds him aboard "The Royal Highlander," "The Night Scot," or other Express Sleeping Car trains from Euston or St. Pancras, then he can spend the night in great comfort and greet the day with a lift of the heart that comes to all good sportsmen in sight of Scottish hills.

FROM EUSTON

WEEKDAYS

RESTAURANT		SLEEPERS (1st AND 3rd CLASS)	
A.M.		P.M.	
10.0	"The Royal Scot" — *Edinburgh and Glasgow.*	7.20 ABD	"The Royal Highlander"—*Perth, Boat of Garten, Inverness. Aberdeen* F.
10.5	*Stirling, Gleneagles, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen.*	7.30 ABD	*Oban.*
11.35	*Edinburgh and Glasgow.*	7.40 ABD	*Stirling, Gleneagles, Dundee.*
P.M.		8.0 D	*Dumfries, Stranraer Harbour, Turnberry* A (*1st class Sleepers only*).
1.30	"The Mid-day Scot" — *Edinburgh and Glasgow.*	8.30 CD	*Dumfries (and Turnberry — First Class Sleepers only).*
1.35	*Edinburgh and Glasgow, Stirling, Gleneagles, Perth, Aberdeen, Oban* A *and Inverness* A.	9.15	*Glasgow, First and Third Class Sleeping Accommodation (Monday to Friday) Third Class only on Saturdays.*
		9.30 C	*Glasgow (Cent.).*
		11.0 D	*Edinburgh, Stirling, Gleneagles, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness.*
		A.M.	
		12.35 D	"The Night Scot"—*Dumfries, Glasgow, Kilmarnock (1st class Sleepers only).*

SUNDAYS

A.M.	
11.30	*Glasgow (Cent.) and Edinburgh (Princes Street).*
11.45	*Clasgow (Cent.) and Edinburgh (Princes Street).*
P.M.	
7.30 BD	*Stirling, Oban, Gleneagles, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen.*
11.0 D	*Edinburgh, Stirling, Gleneagles, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Oban.*

FROM ST. PANCRAS

WEEKDAYS

RESTAURANT		SLEEPERS (1st AND 3rd CLASS)	
A.M.		P.M.	
9.0	"The Thames—Forth Express"—*Edinburgh, Dundee, Perth, Aberdeen.*	9.15 D	*Edinburgh.*
9.50	"The Thames—Clyde Express"—*Dumfries, Kilmarnock, Glasgow, Ayr, Turnberry.*	9.30 D	*Dumfries, Kilmarnock and Glasgow.*
11.55	*Edinburgh, Dumfries, Kilmarnock, Glasgow, Perth and (Inverness—no arrival on Sundays)*		

SUNDAYS

9.15 D	*Edinburgh, Perth, Aberdeen, Inverness.*

NOTES: A Saturdays excepted. B Dining Car Euston to Crewe. C Sunday Nights only. D First and Third Class Sleepers. E First-Class Sleeping Cars only. F Not on Sundays. Tourist and Week-end Tickets are issued. Seats may be reserved on the trains. Ask for Pocket Time-table and Tourist Programme at any L M S Station or Office.

L M S

THE ROYAL ROUTE

Schönbrunn Castle, the former Imperial Summer Residence.

THE CITY OF GARDENS

THE IDEAL PLACE FOR RECREATION, MUSIC, ART AND SPORT

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MUSIC: The home of **Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Haydn** and **Strauss** who survive in their immortal creations, especially in Vienna.

SPORT: Two 18-hole Golf Courses in the proximity of the City, Horse-races, Polo Matches, Shooting, Fishing, Water-sports.

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MILD AND SUNNY CLIMATE

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A TALE OF TWO—PARISES

(Continued from p. 161)

the Abbaye de Thélème, and so finally for supper at Brébant's). Paillard's is now surrounded by a sort of Chicago. You may have more liberty, but you don't know how to live and you can be so vulgar."

"Look here," quickens Paris-Now, "unlike you we can't be dilettantes round the place, music and conversation and that kind of thing. No go any longer. Your favourite pastime was closing rich relatives' eyes. You despised money. We don't. Because we've jolly well got to earn it. Battle for it, as it happens. That may vulgarize. Let it!"

. . . It's also "no go" arguing with those who have lost their Paris, for "their stock of" munitions appears inexhaustible. They miss everything, from the children playing diabolo in the Luxembourg to etiquette sojourns at country places. No more country places now; such as survive are considered too dull even for a week-end. As for the holidays—just one mad careering round.

"Why bury oneself in one place?" asks Paris-Now. As likely as not because the family's been there since the Revolution. Sun-bathing! Swimming! Tennis! Golf! Camping! *Movement!* And every minute filled. Doing something!

"Doing nothing!" wearily corrects Paris-Then, "but collecting a pagan physique. Not a moment for the inner development we arranged our lives for; no use for the ease of the apéritif at the Potinière. Instead: *Garçon! un martini!* and saxophones and chatter about speed."

But I have rather gone to the seaside from Paris, that Paris wherein, come they or go they, those three horsemen—Illness, Crime, Poverty—have not varied much. Indeed, they've lately been joined by a fourth, Unemployment, in support of which arrival one has only to instance the thinning out of midinettes eating their lunch in the Tuileries.

It occurs to one that Paris is much quieter now than it has been since the War. It is so frantically dear. It occurs to one that a reaction from all the rush and ugliness is already beginning to manifest itself among the Under-Thirty-Fives.

It occurs to one that some things may come back again, if not in bricks and mortar.

Finally, it occurs to one that twenty years on the Thirty-Five-Year-Olds of the present will be carrying on roughly in this style: "The time to have lived was after the War! When to sleep was to desert, when four years had to be picked up, when, if one didn't dance one drank, and when one didn't drink, one loved, and when one didn't love, one worked. The business one did! Everywhere and at all times. We knew the golden age of paper money."

CONTINUATIONS

KHONDS AND TODAS—*(Cont. from p. 174)*

There was little doubt that this was our friend, the "executioner," his forepaws and chest were a mass of festering sores caused by porcupine quills: on skinning the beast, a quill 6 in. long was found embedded in the chest working its way to the heart. Obviously it was beyond the tiger's powers to make its mighty spring upon the fleet sambhur, but why it was found necessary to behead the lowly human fodder remains an enigma.

One imagines that a Khond does not really object to being killed by a tiger, especially if during his life he has been a quarrelsome fellow; for having been masticated he is reincarnated in the tiger.

Then he remembers in all his new-found ferocity what had long been brooding in his poor human brain; how last hot weather, though he had done more than any other to bring down the fine stag sambhur, he had not got his fair portion of the meat, thanks to the greed of an influential Khond of a neighbouring village up the valley. In his new-found strength action follows quickly on thought, and off he marches to the village and lies in wait for his unsuspecting enemy. One spring from the overhanging bank, he has him by the neck, and retreats into the jungle, snarling his satisfaction. However, the matter does not end here. The deceased's relatives assemble in solemn conclave. The question is put round, "Who ate our brother?" After much discussion and divining, the incident of the sambhur is remembered, and from that day starts a blood feud between the two families. Thus old "stripes," in his hungry search for food, is responsible for more than he ever dreams of.

This curious race, only found on the Nilgiri Hills, South India, principally in Ootacamund, the capital, have always been of great interest to anthropologists, ethnologists, and scientists.

Their origin is obscure. When asked where they came from, they say "Nowhere; we have always been here."

Physically, they are a fine people, the average height of the men being 5 ft. 8 in. and that of the women 5 ft. 2 in. They are much lighter in colour than other races of Southern India, have black hair, worn by the men in a mop on top of the head or let down on the shoulders, by the women in ringlets.

Both men and women wear for clothing only a cotton sheet coming to the knees in the men, and to the feet in the women.

Purely a pastoral people, they live by grazing herds of buffaloes on the grassy downs of Ootacamund, making in the milking season, ghee (clarified butter), for which they find a ready sale in the town.

Their marriage customs are curious. Polyandry prevails, several brothers sharing the same woman.

Women hold a very inferior position amongst Todas as the picture of the salutation shows. This consists of the woman stooping down, the man touching her head first with one foot and then the other. Women, too, are not allowed in the temples, nor can they take part in any religious ceremony.

The religion of the Todas is likewise curious. Shortly they can be said to worship the buffalo which is sacred. There are three kinds of temples. One, the ordinary or dairy temple, in which the sacred milk is kept and churned; secondly, the cone-shaped temple, called by Europeans the Toda cathedral; and lastly, the bell temple. This last is always hidden far away from human habitation in a shola (wood) and contains the sacred bell which is supposed to have come down from Heaven round the neck of the first buffalo.

At their funerals, of which there are two kinds, green and dry, much feasting, drinking, and dancing take place: also sacrifice of buffaloes.

The green funeral consists of the corpse being burnt after being kept several days: not much festivity goes on at this. But at the dry funeral, which consists of some small portion of the corpse — such as a lock of hair being kept several months after the corpse has been burnt—much festivity takes place.

People flock from all the "munds" (villages) round about, dressed in their best; dancing with music supplied by Kota musicians is much in vogue in front of the hut built on the hillside on purpose to contain the relic of the corpse. There is, too, singing, and drinking of arrack (native spirit).

This people, of whom only about 600 or 700 remain, are gradually dying out, and will soon be extinct.

THE MAELSTROM THAT IS GERMANY

(Continued from p. 155)

with its unfortunate aftermath has already created such friction. It will be mitigated by the well-founded fear of the Hitlerist leaders that their followers will get out of hand. True, the "leader-idea" is preached to them incessantly. But what if there were changes among the leaders themselves as a consequence of the pressure from beneath where despair, hopelessness, fury may rise to terrible heights some day? Hitler and his advisers have still their hands free to a considerable degree at least. Discipline is still kept up in the rank and file, though they are split up among themselves. The leaders, after the elections, will demand their share. What has happened up to now is only the first act in a huge drama which will decide about the future in Germany. The great question is: What after Papen? What after Schleicher? And even: What after Hitler?

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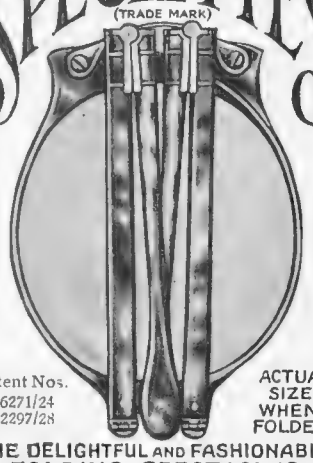

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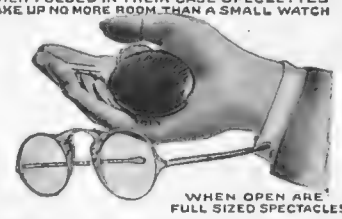

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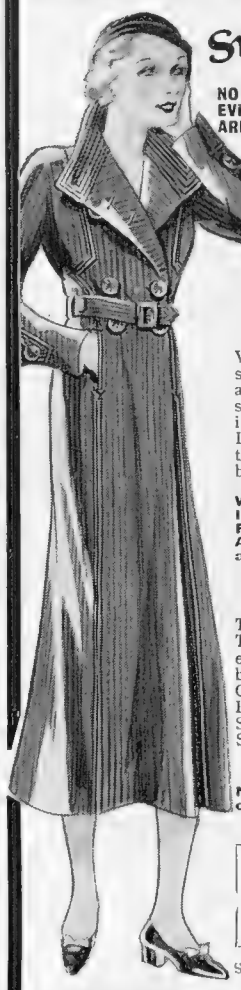

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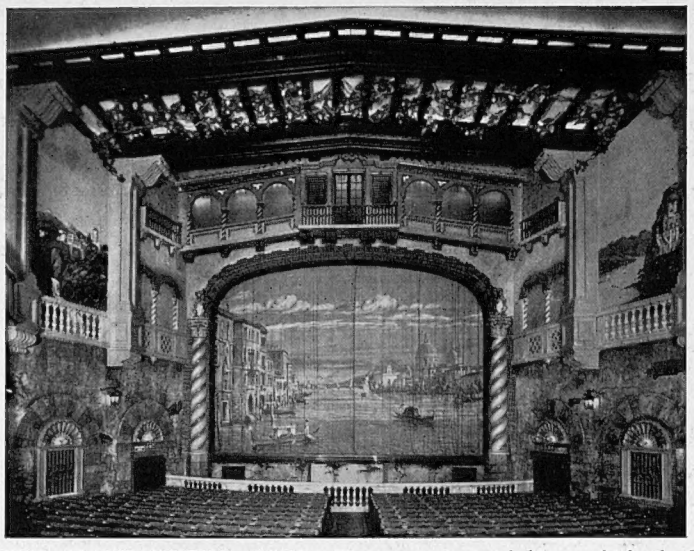
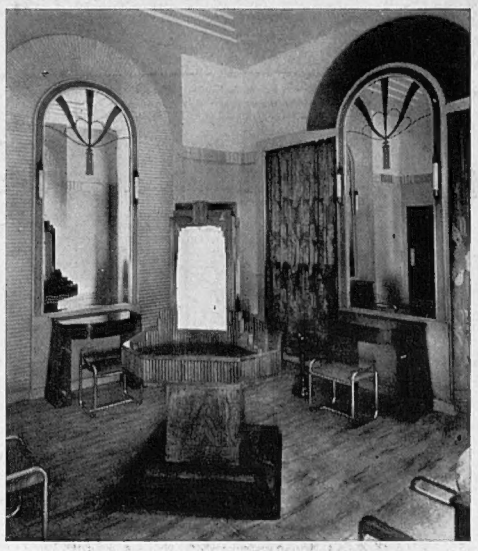
NOTES and NEWS

MISS HELEN GARDOM, a young English writer discovered by George Grossmith. She is under contract as Scenarist to London Film Productions, and has written the continuity of Alexander Korda's new picture, *Wedding Rehearsal*, which was trade-shown last Monday night and will be released this month. It includes a most realistic scene in a London daily newspaper office

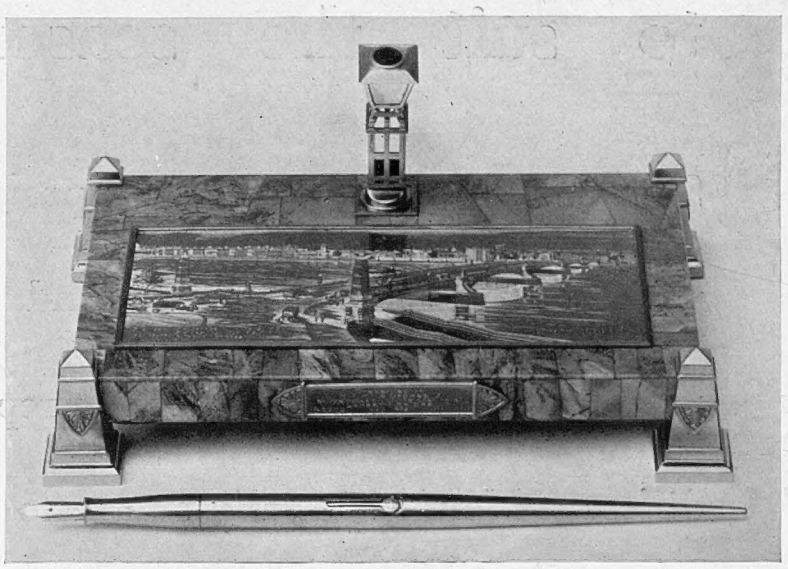
THE LAUSANNE AGREEMENT

It is interesting to note that all the signatories of the Powers used a gold "Swan" Fountain Pen. It will remain an historic possession of one of them. A similar "Swan" was used for signing the Hague Agreements, August 30, 1929, and the London Naval Treaty, April 22, 1930.





THE SAVOY CINEMA, CORK: The proscenium arch is wrought in the form of a Venetian bridge with spandrils lightly treated and illuminated, an impression intensified by the curtain. Pergolas hung with grapes and flowers add to the general aspect. *On right* is the ladies' room, executed in *style moderne* in tones of peach, silver, and grey. The mirrors are of "blush" type which enhance the complexion tones of the users. The entire cinema was furnished by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, Pall Mall East, London



LAMBETH BRIDGE: When the King performed the opening ceremony quite a new and novel piece of presentation plate was used together with fountain pen stand in lapis lazuli and 18 carat gold. The pen-holder is modelled upon the lamp standards which are a feature of the bridge, whilst the supporting corners are based upon the pylons. The stand and pen were designed and made for the contractors, Messrs. Dorman, Long and Co., by The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd., of Regent Street, London

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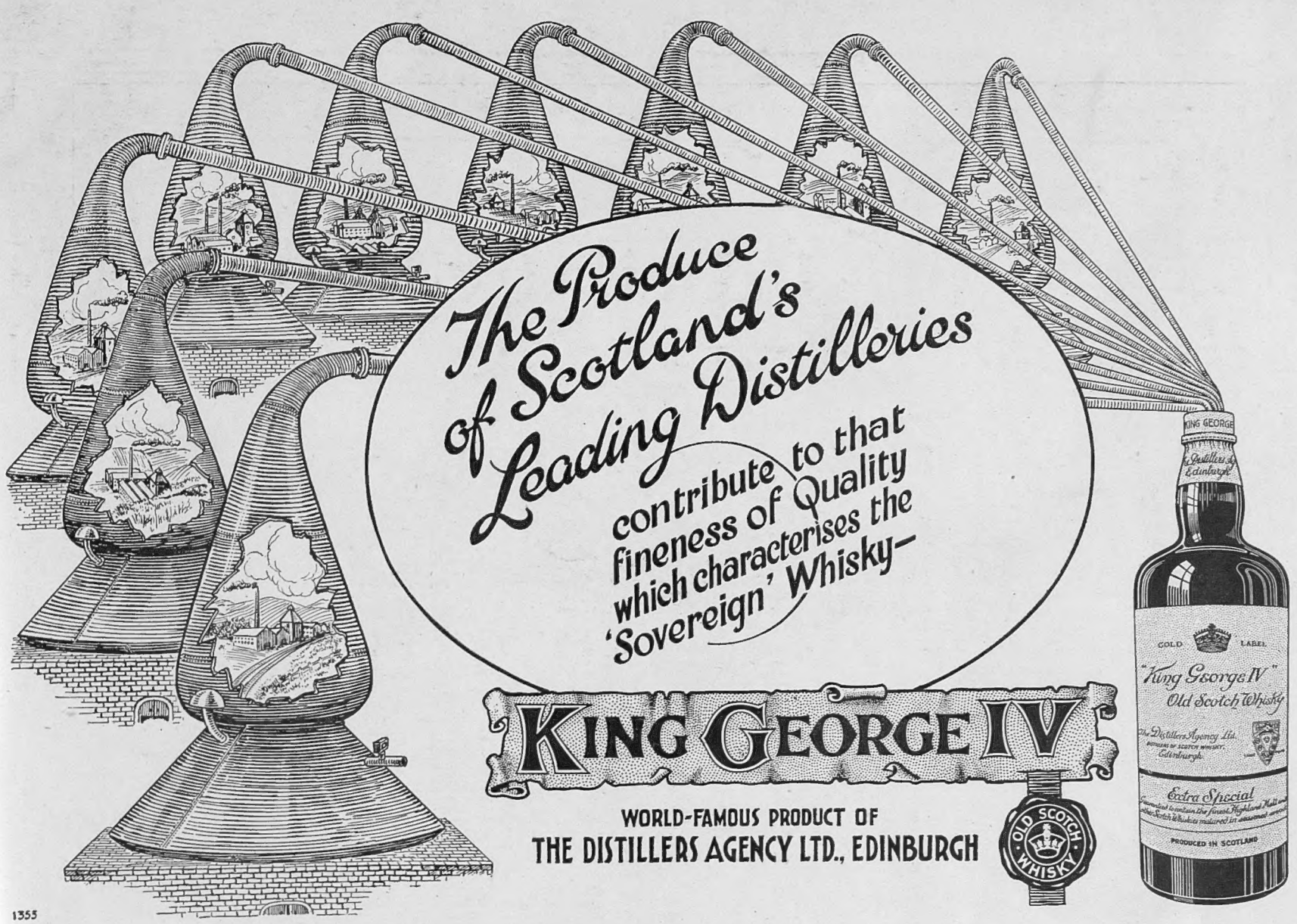

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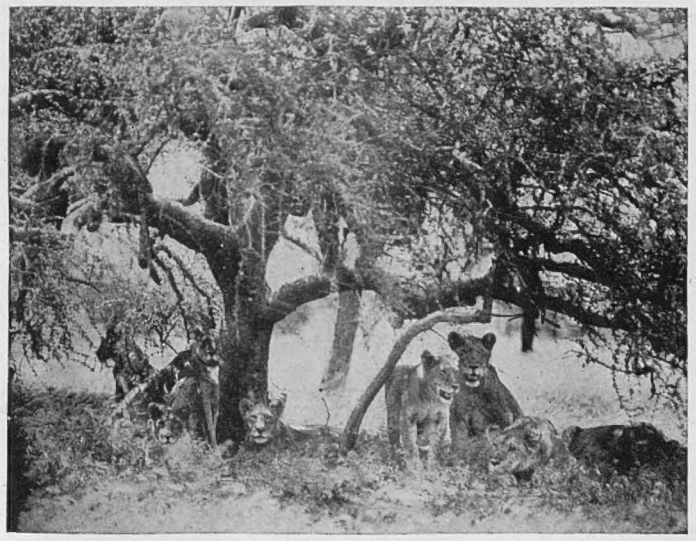

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